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The WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS:
101 QUEEN VICTORIA ST., LONDON, E. C.

BRAMWELL BOOTH, General
WILLIAM BOOTH, Founder

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WINNIPEG, OCTOBER 25, 1924

CHAS. T. RICH, Lieut.-Commissioner.



Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Canada West's new Leaders (See page 9)

THE CALL OF THE SAVIOUR

"Come, take up the Cross and follow me."—Mark X, 21.

A Verbatim Report of the Address given by Lieut.-Commissioner Rich at the Farewell Meeting conducted by the Chief of the Staff at Clapton Congress Hall

I AM trying to make a speech under difficult conditions. I remember the days of my Soldiership when I made speeches, or tried to make them, with the police at my heels kicking us along; but do not think I have ever had to speak under more difficult conditions than those in which I find myself tonight.

I should be a poor kind of individual if I were not greatly moved by all I have heard said tonight by the Chief of the Staff and others. It is an astonishing thing to me and to my good wife as well, that we should be met with this warmth of affection, and I wonder what we have done to be worthy of it.

Will you take all I ought to have said in the way of a farewell speech with thanks and appreciation, as having been really said, and said from my heart—and will you let me say another word as my last message before we leave and go to this new country?

Get Roots Down Deep

I have all sort of thoughts about you and about The Army. I love The Army. One cannot give the best part of one's life to a Movement without getting the roots down deep and feeling strongly responsible for it.

Many Local Officers and Soldiers as well as Officers feel The Army is theirs—that they are part of it—and that makes the Movement such a powerful instrument for God in the world today.

Perhaps you will allow me to make reference to the passage of Scripture which Commissioner Mapp read. (Mark X—17-23).

Jesus said to this young man; "Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, take up the cross and follow Me." This is one of those arresting, gripping incidents, which you may hear read a thousand times, and each time it comes home with fresh and moving power to the heart. It did so as we listened to it tonight; at least, it did to me. This young man was laid hold of by the winsome charm of Christ's personality, and the goodness in him was drawn out. There was a longing to be like Him. And doesn't every man when he comes into contact with Jesus want to be like Him. Isn't he conscious of littleness and nearness, and doesn't he say, "Oh that a man might arise in me, and the man I am may cease to be." That is the immediate effect of contact with Jesus. You know the beautiful way Jesus met him. He met him with the challenge, "You want to follow me? Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, come, and take up the cross and follow Me!"

Two words stand out in this narrative, and they are these: "The poor" and "Me." I am amazed every time I think of the wondrous condescension of our Lord in associating Himself with those who are poor. He who had been the adored of the Celestial World, who had been the light and joy of it, who received the adoration of the angels that were always ready to do His slightest bidding came right down to this young man. "Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, come, and take up the cross and follow Me." Wondrous condescension!

Reveal His Meaning

The most cursory glance at His words reveals His meaning and the consistency of His acts with His teaching. See Him on the road to Jericho just a week ahead of Calvary. The crowd was thronging about Him as He moved along, all the feelings and burdens of the great event of the following week pressing upon Him. He was a lonely man in the midst of that crowd. But He heard the voice of a blind beggar, just a blind beggar, dirty and unkempt. He stopped the whole procession and calling Bartimeus to him said, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" It was as if He took a golden key from His girdle and said, "There, Bartimeus, that opens all the treasure-house of Heaven; walk in, and help yourself!" "What wilt thou?" asked of a

Concerning the Meeting at which the address printed on this page was given the British "War Cry" says:

The final Farewell Meeting held in the Congress Hall, Clapton, on Monday night, of Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, prior to their departure for Canada West, was a fitting conclusion to their God-blessed efforts on the British Field. The Chief of the Staff, who was accompanied by Mrs. Higgins, presided, and leading Officers, representative of International and National Headquarters, were on the platform.

Both the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were received with prolonged acclamation. "This Hall holds many precious memories for me," said Mrs. Rich, who was the first to speak. "Thirty-five years ago I stood on this platform as a Cadet, and nine years later as the wife of the Corps Officer." God's faithfulness in the past gave her a strong faith for the future.

In the course of the evening, choice tributes to the work and influence of the Commissioner and his wife were voiced by Lieut.-Colonel Adams and Major Paterson. Commissioner Mapp read an appropriate portion of Scripture, and Commissioner Booth-Tucker prayed.

The Chief spoke of the Commissioner's long and honored career, and said, "we shall thank God for every memory we have of the Commissioner and his wife. Throughout the country they are loved and respected for their loyal Salvationism and they go to their new appointment with our every blessing."

blind beggar. If it had been someone of the royal house clad in purple and fine linen and rich in gifts, He could not have received him more royally. But Bartimeus was a blind beggar, and Christ gave him the best He had.

Another day, moving along the same road, He saw a little procession. A widowed mother was following her only boy to the grave. He stopped the procession and performed a miracle simply to give a widow's tears. She had nothing to give but gratitude, but He gave all He had of His wonderful miracle-working power for the poor woman.

"The Poor and Me"

All the while, I say He was true to all the implication of His own teaching: "the poor and Me." And I feel it is only in the measure that The Army has that spirit and is true to the teaching the Lord has left us and bade us imitate, that we shall continue to have His blessing and favor upon this Movement. It is entirely contingent on our keeping down to the spirit of that which He expressed here—being down among the poor. God forbid there should come a day when we give preference to those who can do something for us, when those who are well-to-do shall be given the honored place of the best seat in the house. God grant that the day may always be when those who are the most welcome shall be the most needy. Let us keep right down there.

Look at the world! Some of you got a glimpse of it years ago. But there are a number of you here who have not yet had that first glimpse into the great underworld of sin and sorrow, who are totally unconscious of its depths and horror. I remember when I saw it for myself, and I want the vision to be before me wherever I go: "The poor and Me."

Do you not see that this is what has made The Army the power for good it is today? I wonder whether some Corps, or some individuals in a Corps, are forgetting the poor, forgetting the drunkard. One does hear sometimes of a Corps that wants to be a nice little social club, just content with itself, its music and song, and a nice Hall, and whose Soldiers say, with a shrug of the shoulders, "We hardly want that sort" when some poor prodigal or drunkard comes into the Hall. They say in some places that when someone turns up at the Open-Air Meetings who has been recently won from a life of sin, with clothes looking as themselves, there is a little shrinking on the part of the Soldiers. And then especially in regard to some Junior Corps I have heard that parents say, "We really cannot have our children mixing with these poor children who come

from dirty homes!" But it seems to me if you want to have His presence in the Corps you must welcome His poor, and the best of The Army must be for ever given to the neediest if we would be like our Master—for did He not give the highest and best that He had for the lowest and worst there was in us and those around and about us?

O, Sergeant-Major, when making out the Open-Air sheet, think about the people that need you the most! Bandmaster, when marching the streets with the Band don't put the best march on for the main thoroughfare; give the best that is in you to the slums and the poor. Oh! how increasing is The Army's wealth in music and song! Dedicate it to the service of the poorest of the poor. We must keep down there. God help us to do it.

I wonder whether you know anything of the sorrow that oppresses the drunkard as well as the drunkard's family? Do you think that the man in the throes of drink likes to be in its grip? Have you simply thought of the difference drink makes to his home? Do you know anything of the heartache and despair that seizes such men as they say, "No, I can never be any different, I can never be anything other than what I am!" Sometimes they throng around your Open-Air Meetings hoping to hear some word of hope. Sometimes they look through the doorway of the Army Hall wondering whether they are welcome. Let me tell you one thing I have proved during what has been spoken of as a long career of mine—though to me it seems only a day—I have proved that wherever there is a little fire of warmth, of love, of sympathy, lit for the drunkards and outcasts it is not long before you see them coming in—perhaps on the back seat, at any rate in through the doors. They are glad to find a place somewhere. They are looking for warmth and sympathy and a faith strong enough to lift them out of their degradation.

Help Prodigal Daughters
Do you ever think of the almost countless number of poor girls in London who have lost all that is dear to a woman? Do you ever think of the moments when they were lying in the arms of their mothers, who thought them the most beautiful thing that you could see? Can you understand something of the heartache that comes to a woman who in such a way loses her daughter? A woman came to my wife and me at Brighton the other Monday and said, "I just want to say that you'll be sending my daughter home." If you want to win the best love of a mother's heart, help her prodigal daughter. Do you know where these prodigal girls live? Do you know any-

thing about them? Do you ever make an effort to save them? I want God to help me tonight to make my last word to you a call to dedicate yourselves to the service of those who need you most.

My Comrades the Field Officers—and I see many here tonight—do not let the day come when you give the best in visitation to those who can make you the most comfortable in their homes. Not give the best you have to those who may have no home to which to invite you; give the best of your love and sympathy and the best of your service for them.

One more word, I was thinking of it coming along to this Meeting as I passed through the streets of Rotherhithe, Bermondsey and Deptford. Thousands of children were all around and about us. I thought what would happen if the Lord Jesus came into our midst tomorrow, or tonight—if a messenger came foot-loose into the Hall saying, "He has come to London," where should we find Him? I think we should find Him with a crowd of little ragged children around Him. I think we should probably find Him in Homerton, or Rotherhithe, or Shoreditch in such a setting. Cannot you do something for such children?

Do Something

Why were some of you born in Salvation Army homes, having all the advantages of a father and mother who are converted, any more than the poor little children in Homerton who cannot be trusted with their Sunbeams or Guard uniforms because father or mother will take them to the pawnshop? Why should that child be there and you be where you are? Does not the fact that you find yourself in these circumstances bring upon you responsibility for doing something for them? So I hope tonight some one in this house will determine to do something. I hope someone will say, "If you will find me room for a Company I will go and bring children in." If so, He will go with you, and His presence will do away with the barrier between the well-to-do child and the poor child.

I wonder what He will say to us at the last! When He drew that vivid picture of the Judgment and of the separating of the sheep from the goats, He said: "Come, ye blessed of My Father . . . I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave Me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; I was sick and ye visited me; in prison and ye came unto me." Those are the people He is after and God knows there is still a great crowd who can say, "No man careth for my soul. Will you go to the rescue?"

Make a Dedication

Is there some man or woman in this place who will make the utmost dedication of his life or hers? Remember: "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." The best for them. "And come, take up the cross and follow Me." From this great crowd in the Congress Hall can there not be one young man or one young woman who will do that? The Chief has permitted me to make this appeal to you, and to ask whether there is not some man in the house who will rise up and dedicate himself to the care of the drunkards. Won't you, brother, seek them and believe for them, and follow them until you win them for God? I shall meet in Canada a man I saw kneel at the Pentecost in Tottenham in rags and dirt and filth, and so drunk he did not know what he was doing. He was standing in the road with his arms stretched out to stop the trams one Monday afternoon. We got him into the Kingdom of God. I saw him go away in Salvation Army uniform with his stripes on his arm, a sergeant-major, with a clean, pure face, and with light in his eyes that had not been there in the old days.

Is there some woman who will think about those sisters of shame? Perhaps you say that it is the work of the Rescue Officers? Is it? And are they able to begin to compass it? Won't you, seek and find them? Is there some motherly soul, someone with a great heart who will dedicate herself to it?

BRAMWELL

A Presentation

IN the term, "Maker of Books," understand that I include all the various acts that the production of a complete volume calls for—from the writing manuscript, whether by himself or by someone upon his instruction, to the lettering on the cover of the bound volume, which your bookseller you in exchange for your sixty cents. He writes "copy"—and he writes it in all sorts of strange pen and in divers peculiar circumstances—or directs one else to do so, in which latter case he reads it before it is sent on to the printers; he chooses the type in which the matter is to be set up; he checks the paper upon which it is to be printed; he calls for, checks and criticizes the printer's estimates, setting forth the details of what the production of the book is to cost; he decides about the color and quality of the binding, as well as the price at which the book is to be sold, and he concerns himself with the advertising of the book, and its success on the market, when it is published, from the standpoint of circulation, for not even books go of themselves in this world.

For many years past The General has recognized the power that the printing press might become in the Salvation War, and has left no stone unturned to put it to good account.

The brain receives impressions more quickly through the organ of sight—the eye—than through any other channel. Why not use that channel and develop its possibilities to the utmost extent, by printing and circulating literature that would carry The Army's message to the various classes whom we seek to reach? The idea was not altogether new; it had, indeed, in some degree already been applied to and worked out in connection with our newspapers and periodicals, and wonderful things had been accomplished as a result.

The great motive force of The Army is its Religion—Red Hot Religion. To spread a knowledge of that Religion, and what it can do in the hearts and lives of men, is one of the great purposes for which God has called it into being. "Red Hot Religion" had been the subject of countless platitudes ever since The Army was born. Let me make the subject of a series of books—their price within the reach of even the factory girl's purse.

Thus was founded "The Red Hot Library." The first of various Army Libraries each to have a special part to play in our world-wide propaganda. "The Red Hot Library." If the name was star the character of the books comprising it was to none the less so. The very covers were "red" enough to make one fear that if one touched them finger tips would be burned, if, indeed, the heat led no further. The writers are, almost without exception, Salvation Army Officers, and they deal their own knowledge and experience of "Red Religion; with the lives, fighting, victories and plant deaths of Salvation Warriors in different ages in many lands; and with the secrets (these set for a more didactical style) of successful Salvation fare.

The whole Salvation world knows the interest The General takes in the Young People connected with the Organization—their souls, their work, their character, their health, and a score of other matters relevant to their happiness and usefulness. Small wonder that when on every hand so much abounds in the way of literature he should so himself with what they read. How could he encounter to read that which would be likely to arouse ambitions, to deepen their faith, and to stir their hearts? He knew that they had confidence in his judgment and valued his counsel in other things; was it reasonable that they would equally do so with regard to their reading? So "The Warriors' Library," by Bramwell Booth, was soon an established fact.

None of the little books in this delightful series have actually written by The General himself



BEHAVIOUR

at the Farewell
Hall

about them? Do you ever make an
to save them? I want God to help
might to make my last word to you
o dedicate yourselves to the service
se who need you most.

Comrades the Field Officers—and
many here tonight—do not let me
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BRAMWELL BOOTH, MAKER OF BOOKS

A Presentation of a little known side of The General

Written by Commissioner Kitching

IN the term, "Maker of Books," understand please, that I include all the various acts that the production of a complete volume calls for—from the writing of the manuscript, whether by himself or by someone else upon his instruction, to the lettering on the cover of the bound volume, which your bookseller hands you in exchange for your sixty cents. He writes the "copy"—and he writes it in all sorts of strange places, and in divers peculiar circumstances—or directs someone else to do so, in which latter case he reads and edits it before it is sent on to the printers; he settles the type in which the matter is to be set up; he chooses the paper upon which it is to be printed; he calls for checks and criticizes the printer's estimates, setting forth the details of what the production of the book is to cost; he decides about the color and quality of the binding, as well as the price at which the book is to be sold, and he concerns himself with the advertising of the book, and its success on the market, when it is published, from the standpoint of circulation, for not even books go of themselves in this world.

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The whole Salvation world knows the interest which The General takes in the Young People connected with our Organization—their souls, their work, their education, their health, and a score of other matters relating to their happiness and usefulness. Small wonder that on an age when on every hand so much abounds that is precious in the way of literature he should concern himself with what they read. How could he encourage them to read that which would be likely to arouse their ambitions, to deepen their faith, and to stir their zeal? He knew that they had confidence in his judgment and valued his counsel in other things; was it not reasonable that they would equally do so with respect to their reading? So "The Warriors' Library," Edited by Bramwell Booth, was soon an established fact.

None of the little books in this delightful series has been actually written by The General himself, but

they have all been written under his personal supervision. I have seen The General exercising the most scrupulous care in many things, the writing of a letter, the passing of plans for a new building, the preparing of himself for an important series of meetings and dealing with souls at the Mersey-Seat, but I do not think I have ever seen him devote more care to anything than to the editing of the manuscripts from which these books are printed. It is not enough for Bramwell Booth that the title page bears his name as the Editor. He must scrutinize every chapter, every page, every line, every word even, before the book which he re-

Each of the books written by The General, whether written on behalf of the suffering poor amongst whom The Army is working, or descriptive of the life and labors of the Field Officers of The Army, or enunciating cardinal Bible Truths, is characterized by the same zeal which singles him out in his platform utterances in a way which none who have heard him can ever forget.

Most of The General's newspaper, magazine and book work has been done when time and tide have both been against him. A little book entitled "Social

Reparation, or Personal Impressions of Work for Darkest England," was in the main written between the meetings of a great public campaign, the proofs actually being brought to Exeter Hall, corrected and returned to the printer whilst the Meetings were in full swing, in order that the book might be completed and out in time to be issued by way of a report of the Social Work, on the particular date on which that year's Appeal was to be launched. Similar or equally trying circumstances have surrounded much of The General's work for the Press, but perhaps such circumstances and the speed with which his words have been written have rather tended to increase their snap and produce a more telling effect than otherwise.

There is not a Field Officer in The Salvation Army who does not owe a debt of gratitude to The General for the way in which he has taken up the cudgels on their behalf, and explained the principles which govern their work.

"Servants of All: A Brief Review of the Call, Character and Labors of Officers of The Salvation Army," deserves in my—an Officer's—opinion, to find its way into every home where there yet remains a single soul that does not understand the great purpose to which every Officer's life is consecrated.

On one of my own library shelves there stands a cherished copy of this little book, bearing on the fly leaf the simple but characteristic inscription: "Theodore Kitching—One of the Servants, from another of them. W. B. B."

And if a book about the Officers of The Army is valuable to those Officers, equally so is a volume of short studies written for Officers, and entitled "Bible Battle Axes." The human side of The General is shown

in his dedication of "This little book to the treasured memory of that true lover of the Bible—My Mother."

But "Bible Battle Axes" is not the only volume which The General has given us in which he takes his stand as a champion of the Word of God. His book, entitled "Our Master," is a collection of "Thoughts for Salvationists about their Lord." One of its chapters, entitled "Salvation is of the Lord," contains the following paragraph:

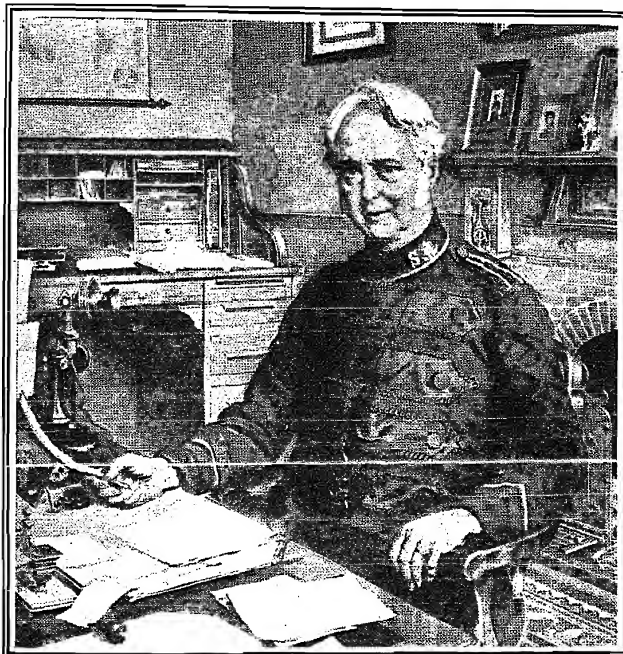
"Just as the noblest and highest efforts of man towards his own salvation, without the co-operating, life-giving work of God, can result only in confusion and death, so the most powerful, gracious, long-suffering and tender yearnings and work of God for man's Salvation, without the co-operating will of man, can result only in distress, disappointment and death."

And The General is a Poet, too. I do not mean that he has sent out any books of poems, but I do say that some of the choicest songs to be found in The Army's anthology are those which he has given to us. Comparatively few of the many to whose hearts and lives a blessing has been brought by this "seeking" song—one of his earliest compositions, I believe—are aware that it was written by The General.

"Oh, when shall my soul find her rest,
My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er?
My heart, by my Saviour possessed,
Be fearing and sinning no more?"

Another of his Holiness songs which has been mightily used in Officer's Councils, as well as in Half-Nights and All-Nights of Prayer is the one commencing as follows.

"Oft have I heard Thy tender voice
Calling, dear Lord, to me;
Asking a quick yet lasting choice,
'Twixt worldly joys and Thee."



General Booth Seated at Work in his Office at International Headquarters. Drawn by F. Matania

recommends to the Young People of The Salvation Army goes out upon its mission.

About this library as a whole The General himself wrote in a general preface to the series, and which was printed in the first volume:

"We shall have nothing which does not bear upon the highest problems of our lives; nothing that is not calculated to create high aspirations as well as to encourage to patient toil for their realization; and, I trust, nothing that will not be touched and quickened by the Light and Fire of the Holy Spirit."

The idea of having "Libraries" of books "caught on," and plans for another series were soon formulated. The various volumes were to be devoted to the lives of men and women who had faced loss, persecution, and, in some cases, death itself for the sake of their faith. "Heroes of the Cross" was the name which it was to bear.

Yet another Library—"The Liberty" this time. In this series, the first of which is Colonel Bregg's "When the Holy Ghost is Come," followed by Dr. T. C. Upham's "Life of Faith," The General's plan is to include works dealing with various aspects of Holy Living—one of the great fundamental doctrines upon which the whole Salvation Army edifice has been built up.

Of this series The General himself tells us that:—"Prayerful reading of these messages cannot but lead to immediate action, to a complete self-abandonment to God, and to a realizing faith in His power to use every one of His sons and daughters for the healing of the world's open sores and the triumph of His rule."

So far, however, I have only spoken of The General's work in connection with other people's books. Important as that work has been and as strikingly as it serves to manifest his personality, it is in his own books and writings that one sees the true soul-character and the mental, as well as the religious force of this man.

St. James Band Visits the Prison Farm

Three Prisoners Enrolled as Soldiers

At a very early hour Sunday morning, October 12, the St. James Band, with Officers from the Men's Social Department, were astir and on their way to the Prison Farm, where they took part in two services—the morning one in the form of a memorial service to the memory of one of the prison officials, Guard Johnson, who was recently promoted to the Glory Land and the afternoon service in the shape of an enrolment of three Soldiers and a musical Meeting combined.

It will long be remembered—that day's engagement—with a thrill of pleasure, because of the knowledge that much good was accomplished and many were led to think of the Christ who died to save them.

Army Friends Speak

At the morning service, Mr. Wilson of the Kiwanis Club, who we were privileged to have with us, spoke very feelingly and fittingly of the joys that await the one who has rendered faithful service on earth when he is transferred to the place beyond. He also spoke of the pleasure it was to him personally to travel with the Band and enjoy The Salvation Army's music and singing.

Governor Downie of the Provincial Gaol spoke of the influence Guard Johnson had left behind him and commended those who sorrow to the tender mercies of the Father who is too kind to err. Major Allen spoke on behalf of The Army and expressed sincere sympathy with the widow and friends of the deceased.

The afternoon gathering, which was very well attended by those living in the vicinity of the Farm, was of a very pleasing character and it was made the more interesting because of the fact that we had our old friend, Governor Downie, in the chair. The service was opened by a duet "Tell Mother I'll be there," sung by two of the prisoners after which the three men to be enrolled as soldiers were under The Army Flag and after the reading of the Articles of War, were welcomed as Soldiers of the No. XI Corps. This enrolment was unique in that the ceremony was conducted by a woman—Mrs. Captain Alder, the daughter of Major Allen. This was followed by the introduction of the Chairman by Major Allen and the program of music and song, interspersed with ringing testimonies to the saving and keeping power of God. A feature of the program was a duet sung by Miss Turnbull and Superintendent Murray of the Farm, which was greatly appreciated.

Crowd Enjoyed Music

After a light supper provided by the Officials of the Farm (in addition to a substantial dinner at noon) the party left on the homeward journey stopping off for twenty minutes at Reynolds where they entertained the great crowd gathered with two or three rousing selections.

We cannot do other than mention the kindness of the Officials of the Winnipeg Electric Railway in placing a special car at our disposal to convey the party from St. James to St. Boniface, of the Greater Waterworks District officials who provided the transportation facilities to and from the Farm and Governor Downie, Mr. Murray and others who looked after the comfort of the Band during the day.

All did their part—did it well—and thus became a blessing to folks who seldom have the privilege of attending a religious service and such a one as that of Sunday.

We are glad to say that a good work is being carried on among the prisoners themselves at the Farm. A Bible Class is conducted and souls are won for Christ. This is due to the stand taken by the young man who found Christ at the Provincial Gaol. In addition a Company Meeting has been commenced for the children.

The Woman in the Bonnet

BY GENERAL BOOTH

"My wife? . . . well, she's the silver lining to all my clouds!" Now, wouldn't you—wouldn't any wife love to overhear her husband say a nice thing like that about her?

This man's wife couldn't overhear him, however, for they were twelve thousand miles apart and the nearest approach to a radio outfit was a little table-instrument to assist the speaker's hearing. But there is not the least doubt that she heard him say it—or its equivalent. The accompanying smile was assurance of that; the shine in his eyes was proof of it.

The deliverer of this charming tribute, by the way, was General William Bramwell Booth, the world head of The Salvation Army. He was passing through Australia on a circuit of the globe, and he had been asked to say something to the

was fearfully bitter, particularly in Berlin. Here, thanks to the courage and resource of the women Officers, The Army carried on right through the war, and though the number of our separate Corps was reduced from 135 to 5, we hung on, and now our forces there are stronger than ever. However, immediately after the Armistice, my wife said to me, "These starving children in Berlin are very much on my mind, and we must make an appeal to our own people for money to save them." I suggested that I was very early for such a step, pointing out that thousands of people had lost sons and brothers and husbands in the war, and perhaps there might be a feeling that such an appeal was premature. But with sure instinct she made a collection at once, and £10,000 was raised. I sent a man to Berlin to buy rams and started feeding the children. The result was that very many young lives were saved. Moreover, the effect was remarkable. Again and again, men in uniform—and, of course, everyone was in uniform in Berlin then—stopped our people, and, with tears in their eyes, sometimes indeed, falling on their necks with gratitude, would say, "Oh, to think that England should have been first to send help to our starving babies." Now, that was essentially woman's work, both in its inspiration and in its execution.

An Encouraging Outlook

"Our Army work in Germany, as I said, has been helped and strengthened; is stronger than ever it was. We have been able to purchase some excellent sites for new buildings, and the outlook for our work is most encouraging. By the way, we find the German a very interesting make-up. The German woman is a really fine type; a home-keeping woman, she is very good with her children till they are about twelve years of age, when she loses very much of her hold on them, especially the boys, on account of the school system."

"Women have played a great part in your Army work, General."

"They have, indeed. They have made it possible. Without one woman, as I have said, The Army could never have been founded in the first place. Without the women there could never have been enough people to fill the offices and carry on, and without the women it could never have achieved the success it has."

"Are women eligible to all ranks in The Army?"

"Everything from General to private. And they receive the same training."

"Do they make as efficient speakers as the men?"

"As speakers there is little to choose between men and women; though women have a more natural gift of talking, and, no doubt, have a more effective approach to the emotional side. We have had, and still have, some wonderful women speakers—powerful, moving, thrilling, able to reach down into men's inner consciousness and reveal them to themselves. Taking the world over, I should say that we have more women Officers than men. That arises from the fact that a large part of the Social work is officered entirely by women; they are the most successful not only in the women's Social work, but in a good part of the Social work for men."

"And the rank and file of our women?"

"The Little Woman in the Bonnet is really a wonderful person, a remarkable study. We have recruits from the upper classes, but she is, as a rule, of the people, and to watch her development—physical, mental and spiritual—is deeply interesting. She visits the wretched, goes fearlessly into the hotels, prays in the houses of ill-fame; speaks and sings in the Open-Air, and the very spirituality at the bottom of her work raises her to a higher plane of life, and distinguishes her from those about her."

A Class Apart

"I do not claim," added the General, hastily, "that the women of The Army are all saints; but they are a class apart. They are very remarkable in two things: in their conception of human life as an opportunity to serve, and in their realization that the eternal things are the important things. So that when a woman comes to offer a glass of water—to use the classical phrase—she does it not only desiring to serve a thirsty sufferer, but with the ulterior motive that she may thereby help him to appreciate the value and importance of everlasting things."



Mrs. General Booth

readers of "Everyday's Journal," on "Women In and Out of The Army."

"Yes," said the General, "I am a woman's man. I can't say anything too good for women. You know, I've seen them do such wonderful things! Four women have influenced me beyond all others. First, my remarkable mother by her other-worldliness and by the inflexible spirit of her fragile body. My father could never have founded The Army without her. Then one of my sisters—a woman of most wonderful compassion, the very ideal of what The Salvation Army stands for. She was one of the most remarkable public women I have ever known, but it was her private life, of course, that influenced me. The third was one of my own daughters, who died a few years ago, and who brought more clearly to my realization than I can express the meaning of faith. And then my wife. . . . A smile like the sun bursting in the clouds swept away the frown that had rested on The General's face whilst he talked of those others who have gone, and he added the words quoted above.

Lines of Loyalty

"Was she an Army woman when you met her, General?"

"She was," he replied. "A hard-working Lieutenant out in France. She is now in charge of The Army's operations in Great Britain. She has moved up step by step till she is now in charge of the work in Great Britain. She has influenced me along the lines of loyalty, of service, of unswerving faith in God and in people, of Divine inspiration and of human intuition."

"I had a striking little illustration of both intonation and faith in regard to Germany. You know, of course, that during the war the feeling against Britain

Vancouver Citadel Band

Visits New Westminster Penitentiary Warden Cooper Warmly Commends Band for Services Rendered Prisoners—Hospital Also Visited

The Vancouver Citadel Band recently gave freely of their services to those who are unfortunate to be deprived of their liberty either through sickness in the hospital or in prison. Sunday morning early found thirty-five of the Bandmen on their way to New Westminster Penitentiary bright and happy, arriving for the usual service where they rendered music for the singing also selections, vocal and instrumental, which were greatly appreciated by both the men and the officials.

A new departure was when the Band played the men into the chapel and after the service played while they were returning to their cells thus leaving pleasant strains of music to linger with them after we had left.

The Warden, Colonel Cooper, addressed the Bandmen after the inmates had left the chapel in very choice words of commendation for their service rendered from time to time to the Penitentiary and the uplifting influence of music upon the minds and characters of the men.

With the Warden's "God bless you," ringing in our ears the Band was off to the Columbian Hospital where out on the beautiful green lawn the men formed a circle and rendered to the inmates sweet strains of music, to cheer and sooth their minds in the midst of all their suffering. The superintendent expressed her appreciation of the Bandmen's services in bringing cheer to her charges.

God bless the Vancouver I Band and its members. May they never weary in the good they do.—Major W. Cummins.

Lethbridge Band

Gives Successful Musical Festival

Lethbridge Corps has very great reason to be proud of its musical combination. The Bandmen under the leadership of Bandmaster Hardy will one day, if faithful, hear from our blessed Master the words, "Well done, good and faithful workers of my vineyard enter ye into the joy of Lord; for all your services given without financial gain personally year after year." In the Citadel recently before a good audience the Band, under Deputy Bandmaster Barnard gave a program of musical selections, and vocal items. After the opening song and prayer, the Rev. John Wool in an able manner, took charge of the night's program. The opening march, "Assurance," and other selections brought forth the musical harmony from the cornets down to the big bass instrument the sweet melodies which bring cheer, comfort and spiritual blessings to all classes of people. The vocal solos, duets and quartets by the several Comrades merited much appreciation.

In closing the Rev. Wood, Adjutant Marsland and Bandmaster Hardy said a few words on the wonderful influence and power good music and singing have had, especially for the sick and suffering in the hospitals and other institutions. Great credit is due to Deputy Bandmaster Barnard for the able way he has performed his duty as leader in the absence of the Bandmaster.

Two Souls at Taher

Captain Christie, With Captain Christie in charge, assisted by Comrades of the Corps, a good fight was waged against sin and the Devil on Sunday last resulting in two souls won for God.

Our Y. P. Company Meeting is again on the increase. Praise God! —C. S. M. Mitchinson.

DE P

(From Ha) Interesting Life Story is accompanying

HE was born in Colombo of well-known Tamil parents who were converted Christianity before his birth. He was taught as a child the new religion of his father and mother, and grew into boyhood with much the same knowledge of Christianity as one finds in the ordinary child of church-going parents.

He was sent to a good school in Colombo and soon showed himself a boy of ability. But he had not been long at school before he became the victim of the punishment of such an abominable sin as the unquenchable fire of an ever-burning hell, but he could not break free. He used to pray so hard for deliverance from this sin when he was at that time that his father and mother thought more than usually devout, and prayed for his deliverance. Stung by mockery of this praise, and conscious of hypocrisy, he fought with all his strength to conquer the evil propensity that was slaying his soul. For a few weeks he could stand against the terrible temptation, but then, like a slave under hypnotic influence or a slave he fell to do his master's bidding, he fell and was plunged into a darkness which eclipsed his soul.

Went to College

From school he went to a college. Kandy. He there lodged at a boarding house, and his handsome appearance, charming manners made him a favorite with women staying in the same house. It was his first experience of the world's first acquaintance with women's souls. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, women were of a second-rate and unhealthy character. The conversation of the shabby boarding-house degraded and made him wretched.

He would pass whole nights upon knees, praying to God, agonizing with soul, clamoring for deliverance. "I feel," he told me, in his low and muffled voice, "as if I were wrestling with an angel. It was as if something not man had my soul in its grip."

When he returned to his home he came on friendly terms with the pastor of his parents' church, and acted as an assistant in the church service. At last so wretched was he, and so attracted by the goodness of his new friend that he determined to speak to him.

"I did not tell him," he said, "I have told you, but I confessed to him I was troubled with terrible thoughts. He was a man of extraordinary holiness, heard me patiently and sympathetically even affectionately. 'Pray,' he said, 'and read the Bible. You pray; there is nothing else.'"

But this poor youth had prayed perhaps the other had never prayed in his whole life. He had shut him in his room and through all the evening hours of the long night cried God out of the agony and tragedy his soul's need for mercy and for He had prayed with all the passion his temperament and with all the force of his normal being. He cried to God, cried with his soul, after night. He had lifted to Him a face wet with tears and striven with the strivings of his spirit. I had he not prayed again and again? Had he not humbled and abased himself, gone down into the dust, ashes of humiliation, and suppliant, implored, entreated, and sobbed out? Many times.

There was no one to help him become dejected, even morose. Parents, nothing the change suggested that he go and see his brother in business up the country welcomed the prospect of change left Colombo as soon as arrangements were completed.

The business to which he went glorified grog-shop. It is true his brother desecrated himself as a merchant and could boast of a "sale department" in his trade, but place was a drinking-saloon and the

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Vancouver 1 Band
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Musical Festival

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DE PROFUNDIS

(From Harold Begbie's Book "Other Sheep.")

**Interesting Life Story of LIEUT.-COLONEL PERERA who
is accompanying THE GENERAL to Canada.**

HE was born in Colombo of well-to-do Tamil parents who were converted to Christianity before his birth. He was taught as a child the new religion of his father and mother, and grew into boyhood with much the same knowledge of Christianity as one finds in the ordinary English child of church-going parents.

He was sent to a good school in Colombo and soon showed himself a boy of unusual ability. But he had not been long at school before he became the victim of vice. He knew it to be wrong, he felt himself shameful, he even convinced himself that the punishment of such an abomination was the unquenchable fire of an everlasting hell, but he could not break free from it. He used to pray so hard for deliverance from this sin which he went at church that his father and mother thought him more than usually devout, and praised him for his devotion. Stung by the mockery of this praise, and conscious of hypocrisy, he fought with all his strength to conquer the evil propensity that was slaying his soul. For a few weeks he could stand against the terrible power tyrannizing his will, and then, like a man under hypnotic influence or a slave hastening to do his master's bidding, he fell again, and was plunged into a darkness that eclipsed his soul.

Went to College

From school he went to a college at Kandy. He then lodged at a boarding-house, and his handsome appearance and charming manners made him a favorite with women staying in the same house. It was his first experience of the world, his first acquaintance with women's society. Unfortunately for his peace of mind, these women were of a second-rate and unhealthy character. The conversation of the shabby boarding-house degraded him and made him wretched.

He would pass whole nights upon his knees, praying to God, agonizing with his soul, *"striving for deliverance."* "I used to feel," he told me, in his low and muffled voice, "as if I were wrestling with another being. It was as if something not myself had my soul in its grip."

When he returned to his home he became on friendly terms with the English pastor of his parents' church, and even acted as an assistant in the church services. At last so wretched was he, and so attracted by the goodness of his new friend, that he determined to speak to him.

"I did not tell him," he said, "what I have told you, but I confessed to him that I was troubled with terrible thoughts. He was a man of extraordinary holiness. He heard me patiently and sympathetically, even affectionately. 'Pray,' he said, 'pray and read the Bible. You must pray; there is nothing else.'"

But this poor youth had prayed as perhaps the other had never prayed in his whole life. He had shut himself in his room and through all the dragging hours of the long night cried to God out of the agony and tragedy of his soul's need for mercy and for help. He had prayed with all the passion of his temperament and with all the force of his normal being. He had cried to God, cried with his soul, night after night. He had lifted to Heaven a face wet with tears and streaked with the strivings of his spirit. Pray! Had he not prayed again and again? Had he not humbled and abased himself, gone down into the dust and ashes of humiliation, and supplicated, implored, entreated, and sobbed his soul out? Many times.

There was no one to help him. He became dejected, even morose. His parents, noticing the change in him, suggested that he go and help his brother in business up the country. He welcomed the prospect of change, and left Colombo as soon as arrangements were completed.

The business to which he went was a glorified grog-shop. It is true that the brother described himself as a wine merchant and could boast of a "wholesale department" in his trade, but the place was a drinking-saloon and the com-

pany that frequented it of a wild and dissolute character. The house was situated on a large tea-estate, and the landlord was the owner of one plantation, and the manager of many others—a roaring Irishman, always drunk and abandoned to the mad excesses and helter-skelter escapades which made Jack Mytton a hero of his time. This man and many another planter visited the grog-shop every day and never quitted it till they were badly drunk. The first horror of the youth from Colombo soon wore off in the gaiety and hilarity of his new atmosphere; he did not give himself to drink and he did not take to the prevalent gambling; but he let himself go with the tide of existence in this wild place, continued his evil courses, and gave up the struggle for freedom and purity.

At the death of his brother, he took possession of the business and set himself to make money. He was sober, industrious, and dishonest. He learned to adulterate the liquor he sold, carefully removing the capsules of bottle for this purpose and so carefully replacing them that it was impossible to detect the transaction. He wasted no money on dissolute excesses or reasonable amusements, kept himself clear of the women in the district, and never imperiled his savings in speculation or gambling. But he had one typical and foolish extravagance. He loved jewels. It was with him something of a passion to cover himself with chains, and gold, and glittering stones. To this end he adulterated drink, hoarded money, and kept himself aloof from the dissolute racket of the place. All the time, he felt that the liquor trade was a bad one, and sometimes he would make an effort to conquer his fatal sin; but, on the whole, he was a bad man who takes life as he finds it, and in a hobby which gratifies his sensuous nature loses the sense of responsibility and forgets his soul. So long as he could buy jewelry he was content to go on with his life.

The man of my story married while he was yet a publican. A child was born to him and he began to experience the pleasures of domestic life. He was prosperous; he had many friends; and he was devoted to his wife. But presently he felt the ancient stirrings and unrest of his master vice, and soon again he found himself in conflict with his soul. His horror and fear at this return of a demon he had hoped was slain, this resurrection of a spectre he had dreamed was gone for ever out of his life, filled him with misery and despair. He went to church; he read his Bible; he prayed; he fought manfully against disaster. "It was as though I were being pushed into sin," he said to me.

One day when he was in Colombo he stopped before a bookshop window and seeing a volume that he thought might help him in his conflict, he went in to buy it. There were two people in the shop—the man in charge, wearing a uniform, and a poor breakdown drunkard. The man in the uniform was talking to the drunkard and endeavoring to make him realize the need of God in his struggle against drink. The publican, struck by this man's words and realizing that the shop belonged to The Salvation Army, went to some bookshelves and made pretence of looking for a volume, while he listened to every word that was being said.

Held Him in a Spell

"There was something in the tone of that man's voice," he told me, "which held me like a spell. It was so full of assurance. It was as though he knew by his own experience that what he said was true. And he made goodness seem so hope for me. I remember that I felt surprised by the drunkard's want of response. It seemed so clear. It seemed so true. It sounded so good."

But two years after that incident he was still in the midst of conflict, a man desperate with uncontrollable vice and sunk in despair.

He was walking one day with his mother in the streets of Colombo when they came upon an Open-Air Meeting of the



Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Perera and their little girl.

Salvationists. They both stopped and listened. The mother was greatly struck by the earnestness of the speakers, and as they walked away she spoke about it. Her son, who was a secret smoker—his mother and father having a great aversion to tobacco—took his cigars from his pocket and without letting his mother see, dropped them on the road. He had the feeling that he must give up smoking. He also had the feeling that he would be able to give up his vice.

But the strife continued, and though he prayed for strength, no strength came to him. He was being driven straight to madness and suicide by an impulse of his being of which his whole nature disapproved and yet against which his will was powerless to resist.

It chanced one year, when he went to renew the license of his premises, that he stayed with his brother-in-law in a small town where the Salvationists were that night holding a special Meeting. He suggested that they should attend this Meeting and see what the business of Salvation and Conversion really meant. His brother-in-law fell in with the suggestion and they went together.

A Converted Buddhist

Many men, public characters for sin and crime, gave their testimonies at this Meeting to the saving power of conversion and the joy and peace and happiness of the new birth. One of the speakers was a converted Buddhist who had been convicted of forgery. This man spoke very quietly, and without any strain after effect, telling how he had been led by sin step after step towards crime, and how all his efforts to fight against temptation had failed. The unhappy publican was profoundly moved by this story. The Buddhist spoke of the strength that came to him when, realizing at last that Christ's love had saved him, he bowed at the bench of penitence and yielded up all his efforts in overflowing gratitude to his Saviour.

"I felt that what he said was true. I felt that I had been struggling in my own strength. And I felt that it needed one great moment in my life, one moment, to change me from a beaten and despairing man into a soul at peace with God and cleansed from sin. It was like a light in my soul. It was a revelation. At last, it was a voice from heaven. But how to reach that moment! Oh, I shrank from it! By nature I am timid and nervous; and in those days I was weak with self-consciousness and feeble with diffidence; I could not bear to be the central figure in any scene; I always escaped from any gathering in which I might be called upon to make a speech, or in which I might in any way have to take a prominent part. But I felt that my conversion turned upon one great moment, one decisive and terrible ordeal, and I longed for the power to rise up then and there and throw myself down at the penitent bench. I suppose something of this deep emotion must have shown in my face, for one of the Salva-

tionists, a woman came to me and asked me if I would not confess my need of God's mercy, I half rose from my seat, but pretending that I had only risen because a woman was speaking to me, I sat down again, trembling and afraid. But just as in former times I had felt that pushing towards sin, so I felt now a pushing towards the penitent-form. So strong was this impulse that in spite of my failure I rose again. This time my brother-in-law, thinking that I wanted to go home, rose also, and I felt ashamed, and said nothing of my feelings, but walked out of the hall. However, the hour was at hand, I kept saying to myself, "If I die tonight! and even if I live, only this slavery!" The horror of dying as I was, the fear of living as I was, mastered my feeble will and cowardly purpose. Without a word to my companion, I turned suddenly about, ran back to the Hall, and making my way to the front—I was like a man in a dream—flung myself down at the Penitent-Form and cried aloud for the mercy of God."

"I cannot describe to you," he said, "the wonderful beauty of that moment. It was an utter loss of self. It was an escape from darkness, and entrance into light. Ah, more than that! I felt myself drowning in a sweetness. The whole universe was one great ocean of sweetness and I was drowning in it. But even that cannot tell you what I felt."

On the day following his conversion, he proceeded by train to the town where he intended to renew the license for his saloon. Suddenly as if a voice had spoken at his ear, he felt that it was wrong to continue in a trade that spread so much misery and degraded so many souls. "I felt that I was stopped on my journey by an invisible hand. I got out at the next station, and made my way home."

But before he took this step he paid a visit to the Salvationists, and asked them what he should do. "Roll your barrels and bottles into the ditch," they told him; "God will provide."

Becoming an Officer

He sold his business and set up an oil-man's store. A solicitor in the neighborhood undertook to collect the considerable debts owing to him. In a few months he discovered that his solicitor was defrauding him. He went to law about the matter, and the case was sent to the High Court at Colombo. Before it came on for trial, he attended a meeting of The Salvation Army, and after its conclusion was asked to become an Officer. He replied: "I am afraid I cannot; I am a family man; and I have just begun to open a new business." They said to him: "You have been helped, and you should give your life to helping others; come, we will find something for a family man." He said, "I must consult my wife." "No," they answered him, "consult your own heart."

To his delight, when he laid the matter before his wife, she agreed to the sacrifice, and offered to become a Salvation Army Officer with him.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder — William Booth
General — Evanwell Booth
International Headquarters,
London, England.

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be ad-
dressed to The Editor.

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Official Gazette

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTION—

To be Captain:
Lieutenant Evelyn Grey.

CHANGES OF APPOINTMENT—

Ensign and Mrs. Parsons from Cal-
gary III to High River, Alta.

Lieutenant J. Stobbart from High
River to Calgary III.

CHARLES RICH,
Lieut.-Commissioner

Hail to Our General!

Hail! General, hail!
A grateful people greet you;
Love cannot fail,
And love comes forth to meet
you.

Our great Salvation Army stands,
With consecrated hearts and hands,
Attent, alert, to your commands—
Hail! General, hail!

Hail! General, hail!
The cross you keep before us,
Christ shall prevail,
His flag is floating o'er us.
Lead on; we follow to proclaim
The matchless worth of Jesus'
Name.

To spread abroad His glorious
fame:

Hail! General, hail!

Vancouver Tag Day a Great Success

Citizens Cheerfully Give \$3,744 in Aid
of Local Rescue Home
(by wire)

Tag Day in aid of the Rescue Home
at Vancouver was a grand success, re-
sulting in \$3,744 being given. This is
over \$1,200 advance on last year.

Thirty ladies' organizations co-oper-
ated and all Corps. Five hundred
cheerful taggers presented boxes
while generous Vancouver citizens
willingly gave their gifts and proudly
wore the neat little button.

The newspapers with unprecedented
liberality gave front-page picture
articles on wonderful work of Adjutant
McAulay and her staff at the Home. Salvationists and Army friends
in joyful rivalry shared in raising the
splendid total almost exactly equal.
Vancouver has given abundant proof
of unlimited confidence in The Army
once again.—H. Chas. Tuttle, Adjutant.

Our Next Issue will
contain Full Reports of
the Congress Gatherings



THE GENERAL AND THE OFFICERS ACCOMPANYING HIM PHOTOGRAPHED ON THEIR
ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK

Commissioner Mapp and Brigadier Smith are on the General's right and Adjutant Wycliffe Booth on the left

Sketches of the General's Staff

COMM. HENRY W. MAPP was born in the gorgeous East—in Bombay, and his first religious connections were brought about by the holy life and spiritual conversation of an elder brother who had received great spiritual blessings at Salvation Army Meetings. The brother's description of the Army induced the future Commissioner to go and see it for himself. He went and was captured for God.

He became an enthusiastic Soldier, and, at an early age, became an Officer. His career has been one of steady advancement, although by no means free from the difficulties and discouragements that beset every Officer's path.

In 1890 he had risen to the position of District Officer, and in the same year was married to Captain Harriman, who had done excellent work as Slum and Corps' Officer and Special Collector in England and India. After some splendid service in opening up The Army work in the Northwest Province came the command of The Army's work in Madras. Assistant Social Secretaryship for India and Ceylon followed next. Twelve months in the Foreign Office was succeeded by the charge of the Ceylon Territory. Then came a transfer to the Old Land and the Chief Secretaryship of the Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh. His next appointment was to the Foreign Office, graduating to the position of Second Assistant Foreign Secretary at International Headquarters. The Colonel was in the Foreign Office for eight and a half years, following which he was appointed Assistant Field Secretary, with the rank of full Colonel.

His next appointment was as Chief Secretary for Canada and many Officers and Comrades in this Territory will remember with pleasure their association or contact with him. As Territorial Commander in South America and then in Japan he did splendid service. During the war period he was sent to Russia where he planned and worked for the Salvation of the people and the establishment of The Army amid very dark

and discouraging circumstances. He was later placed in charge of The Army's war work in France. His present position is that of International Secretary for India and the Dominions.

BRIGADIER J. EVAN SMITH, A.D.C. and Private Secretary to the General, has had long association with our Leader, also with our revered Founder, and is by no means a stranger to Western Canadians. He accompanied the General on his 1920 Campaign and at that time won a host of friends among his Salvationist comrades and the public generally. They will be delighted to renew acquaintance and association. The Brigadier is talented and alert, but in addition possesses comradely qualities which immediately commend him. While he is one who shines behind the scenes, he nevertheless glories in a front rank attack, and uses his cornet very successfully. Mrs. Smith and their two children have to endure long and frequent separation from husband and father, but like the son of such a warrior father the Brigadier carries on, seeking not his own, but the things that are Christ's.

At the age of fourteen he commenced duties at International Headquarters as messenger boy. While at the Centre he advanced from messenger to Junior clerkship in the Shipping Department (there being at that time no Emigration Department, or work), and later entered the Foreign Office. Later the Brigadier was sent to Hadley Wood as the Founder's shorthand writer, and subsequently attained to the position of Private Secretary. This was a particularly happy time for the Brigadier, who served the Founder until his death. It was his privilege, also, to attend at the Founder's bedside during the whole of his last illness.

Following the Founder's demise there came a term of five years as Private Secretary to the then Chief of the Staff—the late Commissioner T. Henry Howard—and then a brief period as Divisional Young People's Secretary.

It was not long before the present General requisitioned his services, and for some years now he has been in close association with our Leader.

ADJUTANT WYCLIFFE BOOTH is the second son of the General. In addition to being what is termed a platform man of already conceded distinction, the Adjutant is a talented musician. For several years he was a member of the International Garrison Staff and during that period led the Cadets' Singing Brigade with marked success.

He loves souls just because he loves God. His spiritual progression and his ambitions as an Officer have come about as the result of intensely personal conviction. He thinks out things for himself, and his strong personality is matched by a strong mind, charged with knowledge gained by study, travel and in the broadening school of experience.

Mrs. Adjutant Booth is the daughter of Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Poyron, who are in charge of The Army's work in France. A son—the General's first grandson—was recently born to Adjutant and Mrs. Booth. The Adjutant has been privileged to see The Salvation Army at work in twenty different Territories, and in the course of his travels he has really seen things. He is of an inquiring type.

During the General's Australian tour last year the Adjutant rendered great service in leading the Prayer-Meetings. He confesses to experiencing some trepidation "when," as he puts it, "the General, my father, called me to the rail at the close of his address at Perth and bade me continue to invite the unsaved and unsanctified to the Penitent-Form. I lifted my voice to God—He heard me; possessed me; banished every tremor and spoke through me—and, all honor to Him!—wonderful to a degree was the response."

From then throughout the Campaign, the Adjutant sustained the lion's share of the Prayer-Meeting battles.

The C Greeted affection Arena and at Mammoth m Governor-G warmly p

THE arrival of The General in T day, October 10th stirred the w weeks intense expectation had pre Officers and Soldiers. The intere was generated and nourished by w publicity, eulogistic references fro pits and the unique action of the e who displayed on the City Hall a r graph of The General, fringed b nations and mounted on a giant sign reading, "Welcome." Ant whipped to fever pitch by the i Queen City by a thousand Officer tude of Soldiers.

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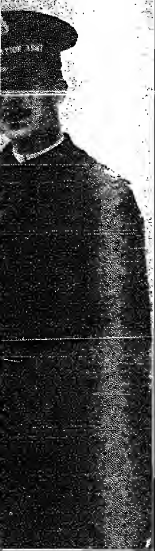
The Demonstration concluded International Tableau, with flags grouped around our Army ba globe let down from the ceiling electrical effect the Army's slog for Christ." The demonstrators ing, "Salvation Army, Army of to conquer."

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Salvation Service to be
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Staff

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The General in Toronto

Greeted affectionately by cheering thousands at magnificent pageant in the Arena and at the City Hall where he is accorded a Civic Welcome---
Mammoth march of Salvation forces eclipses all previous records---
Governor-General sends greeting and Lieut-Governor of Ontario warmly praises the Army---Three buildings packed on Sunday night and 358 seekers to date

THE arrival of The General in Toronto on Friday, October 10th stirred the whole city. For weeks intense expectation had prevailed amongst Officers and Soldiers. The interest of the public was generated and nourished by widespread press publicity, eulogistic references from leading pulpits and the unique action of the civic authorities who displayed on the City Hall a monster photograph of The General, fringed by flags of the nations and mounted on a gigantic illuminated sign reading, "Welcome." Anticipation was whipped to fever pitch by the invasion of the Queen City by a thousand Officers and a multitude of Soldiers.

Friday was crowded with important conferences, including a press gathering, at which The General amazed leading Dominion journalists by his words concerning Canada's place, opportunity and promise.

8,000 THUNDER A WELCOME

The initial Congress gathering at night eclipsed all previous records in Canada East of a demonstration character. The Arena, a vast oblong structure, holding 8,000 people, was full, three quarters of an hour before the Meeting commenced. A thunderous welcome was given The General when he appeared on the platform, accompanied by Commissioner and Mrs. Sowton, Commissioner Mapp, Brigadier Smith and Adjutant Wycliffe Booth. The General was obviously deeply stirred by this demonstration of affection.

The pageant presented was a magnificent spectacle. First came a procession, numbering 650, representing all phases of Army endeavor. Then followed impressive singing by the Massed Sonster Brigades and a white robed choir of children, an effective Scriptural Recital by the Massed Bands and a typical Open-Air Meeting by the Corps Cadets and a Junior Band. The Life Saving Scouts and Guards presented items with precision and accuracy.

A colorful presentation of Salvation Army service in Missionary Lands transformed the Arena into what one leading daily described as a "veritable British Empire Exhibition."

The audience was enraptured by the arresting and meaningful depictions of the Army feeding and clothing Chinese beggars, hospital work in Java, smashing idols in India and service among the Zulus. Lieut.-Colonel Perera took a prominent part in this drama, which aroused the enthusiastic endorsement of The General.

The demonstration concluded with a gorgeous International Tableau, with flags of the nations grouped around our Army banner. A great globe let down from the ceiling flashed with electrical effect the Army's slogan, "the world for Christ." The demonstrators broke into singing, "Salvation Army, Army of God, onward to conquer."

THE GENERAL'S TELLING APPEAL

The General followed up the effect produced with a telling appeal, an amplifier carrying his voice to the furthest corner of the building. It has been said that the General always says the right thing at the right time. This statement was never more justified than on this occasion. He gripped the audience from his opening sentence, his address crystallizing the purpose of the demonstration in brilliantly conceived and powerfully uttered phrases.

"These are but outward evidences," he said, "of the life and vigor pulsating through The Army the world over. This is but a faint picture of what we are doing among the heathen. A fitting conclusion to this great manifestation would be some lives offered to the service of Christ. It would render this place consecrated for many for all time."

Thus did The General burst into an unforgettable clarion call for volunteers and all present were lifted from the plane of the spectacular to the realm of the spiritual. The furor generated by the Pageant was transformed into a silence indescribably tense, out of which at the instance of Commissioner Mapp, there came softly a song of consecration and many young men and women moved forward, dedicating their lives to God's service. It was a wonderful finish to the greatest Army gathering ever held in Toronto.

On Saturday the whole city was agog with excitement over the mammoth march and civic reception. The city and visiting Bands made the streets echo with inspiring music. Queen's Park, the starting place, presented a vivid and animated scene as the detachments gathered. Three thousand uniformed Salvationists took part in this great march.

The General, as he took the salute, looked the proudest and happiest man in the world. This demonstration of Army strength was a tremendously impressive scene.

CIVIC RECEPTION AT CITY HALL

At the City Hall, a crowd estimated at ten thousand people were packed in the square in front of the massive pile. Every point of vantage was occupied and when, conducted by Mayor Hiltz, The General stepped on the platform the roar of welcome sounded like an electric storm. The Canadian Anthem was played by the Massed Bands and then the Mayor welcomed The General in an address, punctuated by sympathetic applause. His Worship paid a generous tribute to the service The Army is rendering Canada and emphasized the work being done in Toronto. He said that Dominion wide veneration for the Founder was ever deepening and that the present head of The Army was held in affectionate regard.

As The General stepped forward to respond, the crowd once again expressed its gladness. The General's speech was heard to the extreme fringe of the crowd, as he spoke through an amplifier. It was an address which will star in the chronicles of Canadian civic welcomes.

He pleaded for the highest quality of citizenship and urged regard for God. His reference to the completion of fifty years personal Salvation service with consequent opportunities, joys, struggles and triumphs was the signal for a great outburst from the crowd which was quick to show recognition of his mighty contribution to the well being of the Organization.

At night the Massey Hall was packed with Soldiers, Recruits and ex-Soldiers, gathered from all parts of the Territory. The Officers accompanying The General were introduced and greeted with Canadian warmth. The General, graphic in reminiscence, tender in tribute and passionately vigorous in appeal, convincingly gripped the audience. He demonstrated amazing knowledge of human nature and skilfully erected the stan-

dard of perfect discipleship, administering telling blows against all hindrances.

There was a glorious break in the Prayer-Meeting, one hundred and one seekers coming forward.

On Sunday, Salvationists were early astir and they came pouring into the city, the Massey Hall their Mecca. The Council for Soldiers in the morning was appreciated to the full. As a spiritual surgeon The General touched places inflamed by ailments which affect the soul. The Meeting was brought to an issue with rare tactfulness and fifty-seven came forward for Sanctification. A number also offered themselves for Officership.

The General's lecture in the afternoon was regarded by the Press and outsiders as the most important Congress engagement. The Massey Hall was not large enough to accommodate those clamoring for admission.

CANADA'S OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES

Colonel Henry Cockshutt, Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, presided, and with him on the platform were many of Canada's most outstanding personalities.

A telegraphic message was read from Lord Byng, the Governor General, as follows: "Sincerely wish you successful and enjoyable visit to Canada."

The Lieut.-Governor said, "We take off our hats and congratulate The Army on its great and good work and pledge continued support. We are proud to have its distinguished head in our midst."

The General's subject was absorbingly interesting, as he outlined with graphic accuracy, The Army's origin and development. At times the enthusiasm of the audience was irrepressible, at others they were fascinated into the proverbial pin-drop silence.

Toronto's Mayor moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Canon Cody. On the platform were leaders of the Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish faiths, also the Canadian Representative of the League of Nations.

The Massey Hall was gorged an hour before the night Meeting commenced, and Loew's Theatre, accommodating 2,500 was also packed. It became necessary to have a third building so the Temple was thrown open and it also was speedily filled.

The General, refusing to be wearied, battled mightily to show to each audience that on the dark background of man's sin and ruin God wrote a message of Redemption. Commissioner Mapp, Lieut.-Colonel Perera and Adjutant Wycliffe Booth in reminiscence and appeal greatly aided.

GREAT PENITENT-FORM VICTORIES

The Prayer-Meetings at each place were finely directed and splendidly sustained and resulted in many great victories at the Penitent-Form.

Commissioner Mapp conducted a large overflow Meeting in the Temple in the morning, Adjutant Wycliffe Booth addressed an afternoon gathering, and Colonel Cloud led on at Loew's Theatre at night and Colonel Miller at the Temple.

The General has already addressed crowds totalling forty thousand, and the number of seekers up to date is 358.

Bramwell Taylor, Major

Special Note

The General's Jubilee of Salvation Service to be a Feature of the Congress

Every Officer and Soldier and every Army friend will unite in congratulating the General upon his completion of fifty years in The Army's service and

as an Official of the Organization.

This point in the General's career was reached on Sept. 27, last, and the celebration of this Jubilee will be a feature of the Congress in Winnipeg, adding much interest to it and being a means of help to saint and sin-

ner. Beginning his life work in a very subordinate capacity under the Founder's direction, Bram-

well Booth quickly made his personality felt, and was soon exercising a marked influence upon the workers of the Christian Mission, as The Army was then called. By 1880 he was appointed by the Founder as The Army's first Chief of Staff.

Upon his return to London in November, it is intended to hold a public Celebration commemorative of these fifty years of Salvation fighting and the interest-

ing and marvellous happenings which have been witnessed in the period in question, and which have played so large a part, not only in the furtherance of The Army's objectives, but of the Kingdom of God.

God bless the General, and spare him for many a year, not only to Mrs. Booth and his family, but to The Army and to the world!



The Commissioner will be starting on an extensive welcome tour immediately following the Winnipeg Congress. As will be seen by the announcement on the back page he is visiting the main centres in each Division and will also conduct the Native Congress at Wrangell, Alaska.

Commissioner Lamb arrived in Winnipeg on Wednesday last. He left the same evening accompanied by Major Joy, for the Coast on Immigration business bent.

The Commissioner received a telegram last Saturday containing the news that Mrs. Brigadier Miller, wife of the Social Secretary for the Central U. S. Territory, has been promoted to Glory. Mrs. Miller served in Canada in her early days of Officership, commanding several Corps in Ontario. Her maiden name was Captain Louise Daymond. A message of sympathy was despatched to the Brigadier and family.

The British Parliamentary Overseas Settlement Delegation on their tour through the West called in at the Territorial Headquarters one day last week. The Delegation, consisting of Miss Margaret Bondfield, Mrs. Harrison Bell, Mr. T. W. Plant and Secretary S. Garner, made many enquiries concerning the Army's Immigration work and also paid a visit to the Balmoral Lodge.

Visitors to Territorial Headquarters recently included Lieut.-Colonel Jackson and Brigadier Pinchen, the latter being the new Resident Immigration Secretary for Canada. The Colonel, who is also here on Immigration business, conducted a party of new comers to Canada on the S. S. Montreal.

On the occasion of their recent visit to Portage la Prairie, the Brandon Band were preparing to entrain for home when the train bearing Premier MacKenzie King pulled up at the station. Hearing strains of music, an official on board enquired what place it was and made the remark that he was not aware that a reception was to be given the premier at Portage. In a few moments Mr. King appeared wrapped in a great coat and delivered a speech to the crowd which had come to bid the Band goodbye. The premier's mistake was not pointed out to him and he left for further west none the wiser.

Whilst conversing with an Officer at Territorial Headquarters over the long distance telephone one day last week, Adjutant Laurie, of Brandon, one hundred and thirty miles away was greatly inspired to hear the tuneful singing of a well known old Army song. The noonday Prayer-Meeting happened to be on just at that time.

Commandant Carroll is still in hospital following his operation and is making steady progress. We hope to see our Comrade out and about again soon.

The Vancouver Band will be broadcasting a Musical Program over the Daily Province Radio on Tuesday, Oct. 21st, at 8:45 p.m. (Pacific Time).

A correspondent writes asking for the words of the song, "The Old Black Demi-john," to the tune of, "My Grandfather's Clock." Can any reader supply these?

Do Not Undermine

The normal man is ever looking forward to the time when he shall take the place of the man ahead of him, occupy the position next above him, and obtain the reward of a higher service. Instead of undermining the man and the position next above you, understand the man and the position above you. If the man above you has a genius, a knack, a vision, a touch, which you have not, learn it, muster it, acquire it. That is what Paul charged Timothy to do.

Grace Hospital Tag Day

Winnipeg Citizens Give \$3,457 to Help the Institution of Which They Are All Proud—Some Incidents of the Tagging—Large Store Arranges Window as Miniature Nursery

THERE is probably no worthier institution to which Winnipeg citizens are more ready to assist with their generous support than the Grace Maternity Hospital. Evidence of this was once more given when on Saturday last, the annual Tag Day netted the total of \$3,457.78. This sum was raised by a persistent and enthusiastic army of workers, who were drawn from all departments of the Army activities in the city, supplemented by a number of outside friends.

A good rousing announcement of the Tag Day was given on Friday night when the Citadel Band headed a march through the main thoroughfares, followed by the

as a miniature Grace Hospital nursery, and under the supervision of Brigadier Payne, the Superintendent, this was done to perfection. The store window-dresser, no doubt, wished he knew how to attract a crowd half so well. The secret, he it said, was that the goods displayed consisted of bright-eyed, chubby faced samples of humanity. In a cot, cosily nestled a wee mite; rosy cheeked children were seen playing their games, and kindly featured nurses in white, smiled benevolently down upon their young charges. A ripple of laughter occasionally came from the watching crowd as the little ones reached up eagerly for biscuits held



CAUGHT IN THE ACT

The Commissioner and the Chief Secretary were "snapped" by the "War Cry" photographer as they were being tagged. In the other picture a bank messenger is being decorated with a Grace Hospital button.

men and women Cadets from the Training Garrison. These bore large display cards calling attention to the appeal to be made on the morrow. The Band rendered lively march tunes and the crowds flocked to the sidewalks to see the procession go by. On their return to the starting point at T. H. Q. the Bandsmen were served with sandwiches and coffee by Mrs. Adjutant Clarke and other workers.

Good clear weather

The success of a Tag Day depends a good deal on the state of the weather. As this had been very unsettled, some anxiety was felt on this score. However, the morning turned out bright and clear, and with cheerful hearts, the first batch of taggers, shortly after the early hour of six a.m. made the first bombardment. This was responded to well by the railroad shop workers and others having to reach their place of employment at an early hour.

Business men proceeding to their offices were the next to be greeted with a merry, "Buy a tag sir!" as they alighted from automobiles and other conveyances. Policemen, postmen, messengers, shoeblacks, and all sorts and conditions of pedestrians were tackled and these dived deep into their pockets in search of coin. Ladies doing their morning shopping opened their purses freely. Few asked questions, the mere mention of Grace Hospital being sufficient cause for a ready response.

On the steps of the Bank of Montreal, a smile from a blue-bonneted tagger caught the kindly eye of Sir Hugh MacDonald, who at once submitted to the tagging process. Sir Hugh is an old and valued friend of The Army. Other of Winnipeg's prominent citizens during the day halted before the box-carriers and walked away with a blue button on their coat lapels in exchange for a donation. Some were recognized and others were not.

A large crowd thronged the display window at Robinson and Co's department store on Main Street all day long. The management, as in former years, consented to the window being arranged

up by a nurse. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and not a few spectators were seen to turn away in search of the tag sellers. At noon when the tagging had reached its height, it was noticed that almost every other person on Portage Avenue was wearing a tag—some more than one. Still the taggers went on with their efforts, missing no opportunity of pressing their claims. Officers, Cadets, Soldiers and Corps Cadets on their respective stands, all did their work efficiently and well. The skies became dull and heavy and the wind chilly as the day wore on, but the workers stuck nobly to their posts.

Some of the taggers were given kindly expressions of appreciation of the good work done in the Grace Hospital. One lady, eager to secure a tag, remembered the splendidly efficient and kindly treatment received by her as a patient some years ago. A little lad insisted on being tagged. "Cause," he said, "I was born in Grace Hospital." He gleefully dropped his coppers into the tagger's box. Another little fellow, overflowing with sympathy said, "I would like to buy a tag, because, perhaps when I'm in hospital, they'll be tagging for me."

A scene of activity

The Tag Day Headquarters at Manitoba Hall presented a scene of activity, presided over by Adjutant R. Clarke, assisted by Captain J. Loughton, upon whom, under Brigadier Whitley the responsibility of the Effort fell. The Adjutant was loyally supported by members of the Headquarters Staff, who left their own work for the day and lent all aid possible.

The champion tagger was Captain Meeres of the Financial Department, who raised \$64.41; she was closely seconded by Captain Biro, of the same department, with \$62.23. Sister Mrs. Coventry, of the St. James Corps came a good third with \$61.39.

At a very late (or more correctly speaking, early) hour—2:30 a.m.—the weary members of the Financial Staff finished counting the money. The gains, they discovered were more than one hundred dollars over last year's total.

The Chief Secretary

Leads bright and helpful meetings at the Winnipeg Citadel—Headquarters and Training Garrison—Staffs and Cadets assist—Four Seekers kneel at the Mercy Seat.

THE new session of Cadets spent their first Sunday at the Winnipeg Citadel, on October 12th, the Meetings being led by the Chief Secretary, assisted by the Field Secretary and the Headquarters and Training Garrison Staffs. Some active fighting was done by the Cadets in the various Open-Airs held during the day. The afternoon Meeting was largely devoted to testimonies by these Officers in the making.

In the Holiness Meeting, after Mrs. Major Carter and Brigadier Dickerson had led in prayer and Captain Irwin had soloed, two visitors were introduced in the persons of Lieut.-Colonel Jackson and Brigadier Pinchen.

The Colonel, who is visiting Canada on Immigration business, gave a bright testimony, speaking of the goodness of God and of His power to cleanse and keep from sin.

The Brigadier gave some striking instances of people who have benefited through The Army's Immigration work and stated that he found much joy in this helping others. He likewise gave his own personal testimony, concluding with the following pithy epigram, "What a man has he leaves behind him, what he is he takes with him—lay up treasure in Heaven."

The Chief Secretary gave a very striking and thought-provoking address in which he referred to the tragedies which followed losing touch with God, illustrating from Bible history and from his book of experience as an Army Officer. He had a word of hope for the backslidden and discouraged, for those who had failed to persevere in the path of holiness, bidding them not to despair, but to once again seek the Fountain of Cleansing and the power that would set them free. He also had some very searching questions to put to his hearers. "Is your life fully given up to God?" he asked. "Do you know no other authority than His commands?"

He went on to point out that it is possible for a person to lose control of part of his or her life, to be clinging to some forbidden thing, to have one point of contact with evil though everything else was right. "But one cannot do that," said the Colonel, "without weakening the whole soul's experience."

He concluded with an earnest plea for a complete obedience to God in every particular. Lieut.-Colonel Taylor closed with prayer.

There was a well filled Hall at night. Major Carter led in prayer, the Field Secretary read a portion of Scripture, Mrs. Adjutant Clarke soloed, the Headquarters Quartette sang and the Citadel Band rendered "Meditation."

The Colonel's address was a message to those who were bewildered in sin's mazes and knew not how to escape. Clearly he pointed out the way of Salvation, showing that Christ was their only hope and assuring them that if they came to Him, "sullenness and heaviness of heart that come to people on account of sin would change to song, and that peace would take the place of strife."

Brigadier Dickerson led the Prayer Meeting and a fight was waged to bring convicted souls to decision. The first to surrender was a blind man who was led to the Mercy Seat by his little boy. It was a pathetic sight to see them kneeling there, but, praise God, he gained his spiritual sight that night. A backslider was the next to surrender to the strings of the Spirit and lastly a young girl went her way to Calvary.

North Vancouver

Captain Garnett and Lieut. Bates, On Sunday, September 21, we had our Harvest Festival service. In the morning the Captain gave us a very eloquent talk, taking for her subject "The Harvest truly is great." In the evening service the Lieutenant spoke on Sowing and Reaping and one of our Comrades soloed very effectively. On Tuesday we had our Harvest Festival Sale and the audience responded in a most noble manner. Refreshments were served by the sisters. We thank God for helping us to smash our Target—Corres. "Bill."

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I AM a convinced Salvationist. So said Lieut.-Commissioner Rich at the first Meeting he had with the Officers of Winnipeg. And the more one gets to know him the stronger the impression grows that this sentence describes our new Territorial Leader in a nutshell.

Interviewing him in his office at Territorial Headquarters we asked for a few particulars concerning his career so that our readers may gain some idea of what manner of man he is and of God's dealings with him.

The Commissioner rather shrinks from talking of his early days we discovered, and only draws the veil aside when he realizes that it is in order to help someone. Then he will unfold from his remembrances of the past, some very striking experiences which, related in his own manner, cannot help but bless and encourage those privileged to listen.

Warm Tribute to Mother

Asked as to the beginnings of his spiritual life and Army service the Commissioner first paid a warm tribute to his mother.

"Years before I met The Army I was in training for its service, and My Training Officer was my mother," he said. Training Officers recognize today that it is character that counts—not gifts, not education, not wealth, but character. So it was with my first Training Officer. The great secret of her training was example. How deep were her sympathies; how high her ideals; how great the measure of her patience with wrongdoers!

"Wonderful mother! I do not remember her telling a lie or stooping to any unworthy act. She held that truth and honor were above the price of rubies, that right would ultimately triumph, that duty was a great word which should always be spelt with a capital D, that nothing could be taken as an excuse for its neglect, and so, 'her sons rise up and call her blessed.'"

This was the school in which I began. The Commissioner was brought up in the village of Hallsam, in Sussex, about seven miles from Eastbourne. He possessed a more than usual share of the "want-to-know" feeling, and he discovered several kindred spirits in his village. Together they decided to set up a Boys' Parliament, and this they did entirely on their own account. This Boys' Parliament developed into a powerful, intellectual, and moral force in the town. A whole cottage was taken, furnished by the committee, of which Commissioner Rich became the Secretary, and direct soul-saving work was added to the mock debates. At one time every lad in the village was on the Praying List of one or other of the members, whose business it was to get in touch with the boys on their list and invite them to the Meetings held at the cottage.

Converted through Open Air

The Commissioner was himself converted as an indirect result of The Army's operations; for some men in his town were inspired by the news of what was being done in other parts of the country, and decided to hold open-air themselves. Passing one night, young Charles Rich was impressed by a sentence or two that he heard, and going home to his bedroom he there and then gave his life into the care of God through faith in Jesus.

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Shortly afterwards he had his first sight of Salvationists battling for souls. Their

ief Secretary
and helpful meet-
Winnipeg Citadel—
and Training Garri-
and Cadets assist—
kneel at the Mercy
Seat.

ion of Cadets spent their
at the Winnipeg Citadel,
the Meetings being led
Secretary, assisted by the
and the Headquarters
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s done by the Cadets in
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Meeting was largely de-
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and Brigadier Dickson
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Secretary gave a very striking
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Army Officer. He had a
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searching questions to put
"Is your life fully given
asked, "Do you know no
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person to lose control of
her life, to be coming to
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"But one cannot do that,"
"without weakening the
perfection."

with an earnest plea for a
to God in every par-
Colonel Taylor closed with
well filled Hall at night.
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solved, the Headquarters
and the Citadel. Man-
dation."

address was a message
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not how to escape. Clear-
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in other men led the Prayer
fight was waged to bring
to decision. The first
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and the audience responded
manner. Refreshments
the sisters. We thank
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"Bill."

Our New Territorial Leader

A Sketch of the Career of Lieut.-Commissioner Rich

I AM a convinced Salvationist. So said Lieut.-Commissioner Rich at the first Meeting he had with the Officers of Winnipeg. And the more one gets to know him the stronger the impression grows that this sentence describes our new Territorial Leader in a nutshell.

Interviewing him in his office at Territorial Headquarters we asked for a few particulars concerning his career so that our readers may gain some idea of what manner of man he is and of God's dealings with him.

The Commissioner rather shrinks from talking of his early days we discovered, and only draws the veil aside when he realizes that it is in order to help someone. Then he will unfold from his remembrances of the past, some very striking experiences which, related in his own manner, cannot help but bless and encourage those privileged to listen.

Warm Tribute to Mother

Asked as to the beginnings of his spiritual life and Army service the Commissioner first paid a warm tribute to his mother.

"Years before I met The Army I was in training for its service, and My Training Officer was my mother," he said. Training Officers recognize today that it is character that counts—not gifts, not education, not wealth, but character. So it was with my first Training Officer. The great secret of her training was example. How deep were her sympathies; how high her ideals; how great the measure of her patience with wrongdoers!

"Wonderful mother! I do not remember her telling a lie or stooping to any unworthy act. She held that truth and honor were above the price of rubies, that right would ultimately triumph, that Duty was a great word which should always be spelt with a capital D, that nothing could be taken as an excuse for its neglect, and so, 'her sons rise up and call her blessed'."

"This was the school in which I began." The Commissioner was brought up in the village of Hailsham, in Sussex, about seven miles from Eastbourne. He possessed a more than usual share of the "want-to-know" feeling, and he discovered several kindred spirits in his village. Together they decided to set up a Boys' Parliament, and this they did, entirely on their own account. This Boy's Parliament developed into a powerful, intellectual, and moral force in the town. A whole cottage was taken, furnished by the committee, of which Commissioner Rich became the Secretary, and direct soul-saving work was added to the mock debates. At one time every lad in the village was on the Praying List of one or other of the members, whose business it was to get in touch with the boys on their list and invite them to the Meetings held at the cottage.

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During a visit to Eastbourne he heard the Founder lecture on "Darkest England." What a night of revelation that was to him. The world was never the same to him afterwards, he had gained a new vision of the world's needs, of its sins and suffering, and he heard the cry ringing in his ears to go to the rescue of souls in darkness. Shortly afterwards he had his first sight of Salvationists battling for souls. Their

prayers and their earnestness profoundly impressed him. He knew that many of them had only just been won from the public houses and the streets. This was religion in a new guise. He whispered to a friend who was with him "These people are either tremendously sincere or tremendously hypocrites."

"It is the latter," was the reply, but the heart of young Rich said, "No, this is sincerity itself."

This was the preparation of the soil out of which grew another of the formative influences of his life—conviction. In his

prospects." His mother was heart-broken his father was angry. His employer implored him not to go or at any rate to wait a year.

But he understood what a great preacher meant when he said that a man should only become a minister when he had a conviction that he could do nothing else—that if there was a doubt as to whether he should be a carpenter, a lawyer, a doctor, or a minister, he should never become a minister. So he became an Army Officer, because he could do nothing else. It was a conviction!

him. "Woe is me, if I preach not the Gospel!" "It has been a great help to me all along that at the very beginning I got the right attitude towards my work," says the Commissioner. "I believe I may say that I have given myself to every appointment as though it was to be my life's work."

"My first Captain used to say that God only gave bigger responsibilities to those who were faithful in the smaller ones. He was right. I have tried to practise what he taught, and now I see that that has always been the best preparation for the 'next job.'"

"God's hand was in my first contact with The Army—the newspapers—The Founder—those early Salvationists; and this was the preparation of the soil out of which grew those strong convictions."

So our readers will now understand more of the Commissioner's meaning when he says that he is a convinced Salvationist.

His career as an Officer began when, after a period of training at the Tottenham Training Garrison, he was sent to Stock, in Essex, then considered as one of the hardest Corps in the British Field. During his term there, however, a man was saved known as Dad Snell, who greeted him at the great Crystal Palace Demonstration just before he left England and both rejoiced at God's keeping power.

Many Sinners Converted

His second Corps was Steptey where he held Meetings on Mile End Waste, where the Founder commenced his work. Chelmsford and Norland Castle followed, much success attending his efforts at both Corps many great sinners being converted.

At the latter Corps he was married to Captain Annie Lee, a Field Officer of much experience, who had commanded several Corps with striking success.

They were appointed to Marylebone where a revival broke out and many souls were swept into the Fountain. His next appointment nearly took his breath away. It was to the Congress Hall.

Having only had five years experience of Field work, he thought that he could never manage such a heavy responsibility. So he told his superior Officer, the late Commissioner Rees, that he thought a mistake had been made.

"Well, my boy, will you come and do the best you can?" asked the Commissioner.

"Yes, if you will take the responsibility for success or failure," was the reply.

So he took charge of the Corps on those terms.

Glorious success followed, multitudes were converted, the Soldier's Roll greatly increased, the Self-Denial Effort doubled and there was an all round advance made. At Tottenham, Liverpool, Norwich and Brighton, in the north of Ireland, at Manchester, Plymouth, South and East London as the Divisional Commander, and later as Field Secretary and then Chief Secretary, the Commissioner has served God and The Army to the best of his ability and has been the means of Salvation to many hundreds.

During his term as Chief Secretary, he was naturally closely associated with The General and Mrs. Booth in their campaigns up and down the country and he considers that the great strides made by The Army in the Old Country during the past few years to be due largely to the emphasis placed upon spiritual values by The Army's Leaders. When first things are placed first, he says, all other things feel the benefit and an Officer need not worry about figures if his Corps has a good healthy spiritual tone.

Conditions in Great Britain were never more hopeful for The Army, he says. The spiritual life and tone of Officers and Soldiers is at a high standard, tremendous advances have been made of late, for instance 186 new Corps and Societies have been opened and the Self-Denial has jumped from £33,000 to £172,000. A very gratifying sign of spiritual awakening and seeking after God is seen in the number of penitents kneeling in the Open Air rings of The Army. More people

(Continued on page 12)

To the Officers and Soldiers of Canada West

My dear Comrades:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow." We have sung the doxology under many conditions in the days gone by, but on no occasion has it seemed more appropriate and more in harmony with our feelings than when its majestic strains greeted us as we made our way from the train into the rotunda at the Canadian Pacific Depot on Monday evening last.

Our hearts were saying Praise God for journeying mercies; Praise God for a safe arrival at our "desired haven"; Praise God for the warm hearts who bade us welcome in no unstinted fashion; Praise God for the spirit of hopefulness and expectancy everywhere present; Praise God for all the accomplishments of the past, and for all the great things He has enabled you to do. Can we now also in faith sing Praise God for the "greater things"—greater victories that lie ahead?

That is His promise to us, "greater things than these shall ye do." Let us believe it! Let us claim its fulfilment in our own lives and in our work!

When you read this the Congress will have already commenced; the General will be in our midst. Pray that we may see "greater things" in the public Salvation Meetings. In the Soldiers' gatherings; in the Missionary Meetings, and, above all, in the Officers' Councils.

The Congress can (does your faith say shall?) mark the beginning of a new epoch in the history of The Army in Canada West. Shall it be known as the "greater things" Congress?

Greater things, greater things,
Give me faith, Oh Lord! I pray,
Faith for greater things.

The news of the Toronto Congress is soul stirring. We rejoice with our Comrades in the East, and cry that God may visit the West!

Pray for the General! Mrs. Rich joins me in thanksgiving to God for His goodness to you and to us.

Yours for the Salvation of the West,

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lieut.-Commissioner.

case a strong conviction took possession of him that the great business of his life must be that of saving souls.

Strong conviction showed him that to save souls he must become a Salvationist, and that he must be willing to accept all the implications of this act. Summed up this meant that he must wear the uniform of The Army, accept the teaching of The Army, subject himself to the government of The Army and follow the methods of The Army, though sometimes they might appear strange.

Strong conviction seized him too that he must become an Officer. So strong indeed was this, that when he was rejected as a Candidate he said in his heart, "They have made a mistake. God has called me; I shall be an Officer." Keen therefore as the disappointment was, he held on, offered again and was accepted.

His friends thought he was mad and laughed at him for "throwing away his

This conviction carried him through days of poverty. What a trial they sometimes were! How he hated to feel he was dependent upon the pence of the poor for the necessities of life!

That same conviction held when his health was broken, when his wife was sick, when discipline proved irksome, when success seemed to tarry, when doubts buffeted him, when misunderstanding, slander, and misrepresentation assailed him, and when he found himself face to face with the hundred and one difficulties that enter into a Field Officer's life.

It was that same conviction which carried him through the bitter disappointments he had to suffer over his limitations, his blunders and his failures. Many times at the close of a Meeting he said, "I will never attempt to speak again," and then found himself trying his very best at the next Meeting. The conviction which impelled the Apostle impelled

Victory Winning On The Field

Four Seekers at Saskatoon Citadel

Ensign and Mrs. Geo. Mundy. The Harvest Festival services were characterized with fervent consecrations and the garnering into the Heavenly Kingdom of precious souls. These inspiring gatherings were conducted by Staff-Captain and Mrs. Habkirik and right from the commencement on the Saturday night there was a wonderful free spirit prevalent resulting in the consecration of many of the Comrades in the Holiness Meeting on Sunday morning. In the afternoon Meeting, featured with special music by the Band and Songsters interspersed with lively testimonies piloted by Mrs. Staff-Captain Habkirik which were full of thankfulness for God's goodness through another year, the Staff-Captain told of splendid achievements made in latter days demonstrating that the old-time spirit of The Army was still dominant.

A splendid crowd was on hand for the night Meeting when testimonies were given by various Census Board Locals. Harvest selections were creditably rendered by the Band and Songsters and Staff-Captain Habkirik delivered a message in keeping with the topic of the day. During a well-fought Prayer-Meeting four souls came to the Cross, including a man under the influence of drink who that morning in a Saskatchewan town one hundred miles from the city had promised his aged mother he would "go straight."

Much credit is due to Ensign Mundy, Y.P.S.-M. Horne and Bandsman Cole for their efforts in arranging the decorations which were a tribute to their ingenuity. The Sale on the Monday night conducted by Mr. J. Murchison was a decided financial success and the sum raised will considerably augment our Harvest Festival Target.—A.H.

Two Open-Air Converts at Fort William

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband. We are still forging ahead in Fort William. The Meetings last Sunday were led on by Ensign and Mrs. Waterston of Port Arthur. The Meetings were well attended, and the Spirit of God was very manifest. Many went away with heavy hearts who should have surrendered to God.

Last Tuesday night while holding our Open-Air Meeting in Westfort two souls raised their hands desiring the prayers of the Comrades. After prayer was offered they were asked to come into the ring and pray for themselves, which they did, and both were gloriously saved. Hallelujah!

We have recently opened an Outpost at Westfort and the work is progressing nicely. The Company Meeting attendance last Sunday was thirty-eight. We are believing for greater things.—W.H.H.

Four Souls at Edson

Two Married Couples Seek Salvation

Captain Tobin and Lieut. Thomson. Sunday, October 14th, was our Harvest Festival Sunday. God's presence was with us in power in all the Meetings. At the Holiness Meeting, a husband and wife rose simultaneously from opposite sides of the Hall and knelt for reconciliation and restoration. At night, after a hard fight another married couple did likewise. Much conviction was felt amongst the audience.

We are believing for a break in the enemy's ranks and are fighting to win in Edson. The Comrades are working hard to smash the H. F. Target.—C. C. G.

Brandon Band at Portage la Prairie

Ensign and Mrs. McCaughey. We were glad to have with us recently Brigadier Goodwin and Ensign Saunders. Some blessed times were experienced. While the Brigadier visited the Old Folk's Home, accompanied by the Songster Brigade, Ensign Saunders gave an object lesson to the children which they all enjoyed. At night we had a good Salvation Meeting, which we entered into with much faith. One adult and one young girl sought the Saviour.

Good times were experienced during our Harvest Festival. This was also the annual visit of the Brandon Band. A

Laurie, Bandsman Woodhurst and Songster Simmens. The message given by Field-Major Hoddnott was one which inspired us to go forward and live closer to God.

At 2 p.m. cars took the Bandsmen to the Old Folk's Home where the inmates greatly enjoyed the service. The afternoon gathering took the form of a Musical Meeting, which was held at the skating rink. Every item was well rendered and thoroughly enjoyed.

The Salvation Meeting was one of blessing, our Hall being full. Major Hoddnott delivered a powerful address, urging all to follow Christ. Monday night we held our Harvest Sale. There was a crowded Hall. Envoy Dinsdale acted as auctioneer and the splendid sum of \$175.00 was realized.

The following weekend's Meetings were well attended in spite of heavy rains. On Sunday morning in the Holiness Meeting the Ensign gave the message. One backslider volunteered to the Mercy-Seat.

In the night Meeting Mrs. McCaughey took the lesson and there were three souls forward, one a harvester from Ontario who had been a backslider for five years. He had received a letter the week before from his mother in which she had quoted the same Scripture (John 3:14), which Mrs. McCaughey had taken for her text, urging him to get right with God.

Our Band and Songsters are doing well and proving a great blessing.

One Soul at Moose Jaw

Adjutant and Mrs. Jones. Harvest Festival Meetings this weekend were led by Commandant and Mrs. Beattie from Regina, old Officers of our Corps. The Meetings were well attended and much blessing was received. At night, after two large Open-Airs, the Citadel was packed to capacity for the indoor Meeting. The Band and Songsters each gave good selections, after which the Commandant gave a powerful appeal. One soul knelt at the cross.

On Monday night the sale of goods was auctioned by Bandsman Dee in quick style and a good sum was realized.—C.C.

Eight Souls at Winnipeg VIII

Lieutenants Parnell and McLaughlin. Our recent Harvest thanksgiving services were conducted by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Philips. Bright breezy Meetings, full of Holy Ghost power were held and we rejoiced over six souls as a result of our labors.

Last Sunday we celebrated our Y. P. Harvest and the Meetings were led on by the Y. P. Locals. Captain Sharpe gave the lesson in the morning and Mrs. Adjutant Dray gave the evening address. The Y. P. S.M. (Adjutant Dray) conducted a pleasing ceremony at night when the infant son of Band Sergeant and Mrs. Carey was dedicated under the Colors. Two souls gave themselves to God at the close of the service. Hallelujah.



Young People and workers of the Grandview Corps, Vancouver. In the group are Captain J. Morrison of D.H.Q. and Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Brown.

Two Volunteers at Fort Rouge

Captain R. Patterson and Lieut. C. Milley. The Meetings on October 12th, held in the Ft. Rouge Theatre, were conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Sims, assisted by Lieutenant Middleton. The words spoken by the Brigadier throughout the day were a help and inspiration, especially to the converted young, and a timely warning to those who had not yet accepted Christ.

These Meetings also took the form of a welcome when the two sons of Lieut. Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, Herbert and Wesley, were given a hearty welcome to the Fort Rouge Corps, where they are not only taking their stand as Soldiers and Bandsmen but are also Corps Cadets. They each gave definite testimony as to the power of Jesus Christ in their lives not only in saving them, but also in keeping them under all circumstances. We believe they will be a great help to the Corps.

During the night Meeting, three of the Corps Cadets also spoke, telling how God's power had made a change in their lives. Before the first chorus was sung in the Prayer-Meeting, led by the Brigadier, two volunteers came forward for Salvation.

Three Volunteer at Regina Citadel

Ensign and Mrs. Acton. Sunday, October 6, was a day of much thanksgiving, this being the Harvest Festival Thanksgiving. A fine spirit prevailed throughout the day and special music was given by the Band and Songsters. At the close of the Meeting three volunteered for Salvation.—James Smith.

Vancouver I

Adjutant and Mrs. Merritt. Major and Mrs. Joy's visit to Vancouver-I, although it coincided with the Commissioner's farewell, was a distinct event in itself. The Meetings were so arranged that the Major and his wife should take the Saturday night and Sunday afternoon Meetings.

That the Major's fame had preceded him was evident from the crowd that gathered to hear him on Sunday night. There was a large turn-out of the Citadel Band in all the weekend Open-Air Meetings, and in the writer's estimation, these Open-Air Meetings on this particular Saturday night were the best held in Vancouver for some considerable time, and that is saying a great deal, as crowds are always good. In the afternoon the Citadel was full and the audience listened with rapt attention to the Major's singing also picking up quickly and joining in the choruses.

Major and Mrs. Joy are assured of a hearty welcome back to Vancouver when duties will allow.—G.A.

Winnipeg II Outpost

On Sunday afternoon, October 12th, Lieut.-Colonel McLean, accompanied by Major Smith, paid us a visit. The Hall which is situated out on the prairie, was well filled for the occasion, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed the lively singing led by the Major. The Colonel's address was listened to very attentively even by the tiniest tots, and during the Prayer Meeting eleven of the boys and girls volunteered for Jesus.

We are looking forward to blessed times this coming winter. We'll enjoy the visit of our Specials and we heartily say, "Come back again soon."—A. P.

Wedding at Lethbridge

Company Guard Louise Slarks and Brother Stewart McLeary united in marriage

An interesting event took place on Wednesday evening, Sept. 24th, in the Lethbridge Citadel, when Company Guard Louise Slarks, daughter of Bandsman and Mrs. Slarks was united in marriage to Brother Stewart McLeary. Previous to the entry of the bridal party, the Citadel Band played several selections and the Corps Cadets acted as guards of honor to the bride and groom as they came into the Hall. There were over two hundred people present to witness the wedding.

Adjutant Marsland was in charge of the opening exercises and the Rev. J. D. Saunders performed the ceremony. Record Sergt. Elsie Bullock and Mr. Stanley Hargreaves were in attendance as bridesmaid and best man. Following the ceremony, Corps Sergeant-Major Mundy, and Young People's Sergt.-Major Mrs. Taylor spoke a few words of tribute to the bride's practical work as a faithful worker in the Junior School, also wishing them God's richest blessing upon their union. Following this impressive service, a wedding supper was served at the home of Treasurer and Mrs. Bullock with over seventy guests present. The house was beautifully decorated, this having been done by Sister Mrs. Dawson and Sister Beaumont.

The bride, with her mother, father and brother has been a faithful Salvationist for sixteen years in the Lethbridge Corps. Her mother has filled nobly the position of Young People's Sergt.-Major and Corps Cadet Guardian for many years. The bride was dedicated in The Army as a babe in the Stittingbourne Corps, Eng. The happy young couple were the recipients of many congratulations and presents from Comrades and friends, including the staff of the Woolworth's store, where the bride was formerly employed, and also from the Lethbridge "Daily Herald," where the groom has held a position for some time.

Adjutant and Mrs. Marsland, Captain Christie, and Misses Agnes Bullock and Elsie Westcott rendered good service at this happy event.

Heard Over the Radio

Letter of Appreciation from Sheep Ranchers in Oregon for program broadcast by Calgary Band

In connection with a program given over the radio by the Calgary I Band, the following letter reached Major Penfold, the Divisional Commander.

Roselawn, Heppner, Ore. U.S.A.

The Commander of The Salvation Army, Calgary, Canada.

Dear Sir: It was with the greatest of pleasure that we listened to the concert given by The Salvation Army of Calgary, broadcast from Station C.N.R.C. on the night of September 17th. You will understand our feeling when we state that we were former Canadians, that we did our schooling, and also played in the town Band, at Arthur, Ontario, Canada, many years ago.

While we are citizens of our good Uncle Sam, we still have a very warm place in our hearts for our friends, the Canadians.

To hear those trombones; euphonium solos, with marches, and the hymns at the last by the full band, was certainly beautiful.

We cannot help thinking of the good these concerts given by your Band must do to mankind throughout Canada and the United States.

We are in the sheep business, on the Hills of Oregon, and your concert of such night came in strong and clear at one of our sheep ranches among the hills, 14 miles north of Heppner, Oregon.

We hope we may have the pleasure of listening to another concert given by your Band in the near future.

We wish to extend congratulations to every member of your Band, and may God's blessing be ever with you.

We remain, Yours truly,
HYND BROTHERS CO.
By David Hynd.

We were pleased to have our little Band in attendance at these Meetings and much credit is due to the untiring efforts of Bandmaster Simmons, who has had the training of these Young People.—A.G.W.



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

380—Matheson, John Murdoch: familiarly known as "Jack" and name may be either spelt Matheson or Mathison. Age 38, 5' tall, dark hair and eyes, dark complexion, high forehead. Quiet disposition. Missing 18 years. Mother is dying and other news awaits him.

374—McLeod, Alexander: Age 23, single 6' dark curly hair, brown eyes and fresh complexion. Last known address General Delivery, Edmonton, thought to have gone to the oil fields. Mother anxious.

381—Meekison, alias Charles Nelson, age 19, height 6', dark brown hair, brown eyes, stout. Formerly of Royal Canadian Regiment. Has worked as a farmer at Grangson, Alta., and four months ago was working in Calgary as a laborer. Last heard from him he was in a Calgary Hospital with a broken leg.

359—Jensen, Martin: Returned to Canada in February, 1920 and gave his destination as Moose Jaw, Sask.

382—Pattinson, William. Last heard from when in a hospital in Winnipeg, Man. Friends anxiously enquire.

383—Hill, Annie: Age 14, Swedish, 5'7" in height, 115 lbs. in weight. Light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. Last seen at Dr. Pter's Office, (Souris) where she received ear treatment. Has a fine scar on nose between the eyes. Parents anxiously enquire.

383C—Mrs. Mary Ferguson, (McFadden) nee Mary Morgan: Age 47, fair hair. Last heard from 4 years ago in Vancouver, where she had a son, (Cecil) working at the Commercial Hotel. Mother and brother make enquiries. Went west from Toronto.

384C—Marth, Charles: Age 30, 5'7" in height, dark complexion. Last heard from, Calgary. Father anxiously enquires.

82—Hammond, Albert Edward: Age 23, height 5'9", Black hair, blue eyes, light complexion. Missing since May, 1919. Thought to have left Ottawa for the West. (See photo)

466—White Arthur: Age 40, widower with one daughter. Worked as a laborer. Native of Southampton. Last heard of at Rumborough, Sask. Friends anxious.

403—Nicolson, James: fair hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. Occupation, engineer. Native of Larnart, Scotland. Last known address c/o General Delivery, Prince Rupert, B.C. Was employed on the Grand Trunk Rly. on engineer work. Mother greatly concerned.

483—Van Ruyven, Albert: Hollander, dark hair, (very coarse and turning grey). Blue eyes, fair complexion. Age 45, height 5' 6" Weight 160 lbs. Occupation, bookkeeper.

462—Ohlsson, Axel: Swede, Age 23, short, Strong. Dark hair, brown eyes. Last known address, 484 Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.

481—Peterson, Carl August: Swede. Age 50, medium height, dark. Last known address 802-103 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta. Mother anxious.

394—McTavish, Neil, last heard of at Kimberley, B. C. Returned soldier.

Our New Territorial Leader

(Continued from page 9)

were saved in this way last year than in any previous year of The Army's history. Regarding his hopes and plans for this Territory, the Commissioner said that he meant to do his utmost to keep the spiritual standards of The Army up. He is aiming at three things in the immediate future—to secure a good number of Candidates, to increase the Young People's Work, and to do more towards reaching the rural population. He is hopeful of visiting every Corps in the Territory just as soon as possible.

Pray that the blessing of God may be poured out on him abundantly and that he may lead the Salvation forces of the Territory on to many a glorious victory.

WELCOME MEETINGS

OF

Lieut.-Commissioner and Mrs. Rich

Winnipeg I Citadel	Sunday, October 26.
Winnipeg IV	Tuesday, October 28. (Corps Cadet Rally)
St James	Wednesday, October 29.
Training Garrison	Friday, October 31. (Spiritual Day)
Selkirk	Sunday, November 2.
Brandon	Tuesday, November 4.
Regina	Wednesday and Thursday, November 5 & 6.
Calgary	Saturday and Sunday, November 8 & 9.
Vancouver	Tuesday and Wednesday, November 11 & 12.
Victoria	Thursday, November 13.
Wrangell	Tuesday to Thursday November 18-20. (Native Congress)
Prince Rupert	Saturday and Sunday, November 22 & 23.
Edmonton	Wednesday, November 26.
Saskatoon	Thursday, November 27.

Coming Events

LIEUT.-COLONEL PHILLIPS

Winnipeg Citadel.....Monday, Oct. 27,
(Officers' Wedding)

BRIGADIER SIMS

Territorial Young People's Secretary

the P.A.S.	Sat., Sun. Nov. 1, 2
Melfort	Tues. Nov. 4
Prince Albert	Wed. Nov. 5
Battleford	Thurs. Nov. 6
Regina	Fri. Nov. 7
Edmonton	Sat.-Mon. Nov. 8-10
Edson	Tues. Nov. 11
Prince George	Wed. Nov. 12
Glen Vowell	Thurs. Nov. 13
Hazleton	Fri. Nov. 14
Prince Rupert	Sat., Sun. Nov. 15, 16
Wrangell	Wed. Thurs. Nov. 19, 20
Prince Rupert	Sat., Sun. Nov. 22, 23
Vancouver	Wed.-Fri. Nov. 26-28
Victoria	Sat.-Mon. Nov. 29-Dec. 1
Calgary	Sat.-Mon. Dec. 6-8
Medicine Hat	Wed. Dec. 10
Moose Jaw	Thurs. Dec. 11
Regina	Fri. Dec. 12
Brandon	Sat.-Mon. Dec. 13-15

BRIGADIER GOODWIN

Viridn	Sat.-Mon. Nov. 1-3
Rainy River	Thurs., Fri. Nov. 6, 7
Fort Frances	Sat.-Mon. Nov. 8-10
Portage la Prairie	Wed., Nov. 12
Dauphin	Fri.-Sun. Nov. 21-23
Swan River	Mon.-Wed. Nov. 24-26
Neepawa	Thurs.-Mon. Nov. 27-30

STAFF-CAPTAIN CARRUTHERS

Skeena Crossing.....Wed. October 29
Andlmaul & Kitwana, Thurs., Oct. 30
Kitselas.....Friday October 31
Prince Rupert.....Sat & Mon, Nov. 1 & 2

Regina Northside

Retiring Officers Farewell

Ensign Yetman and Lieut. Young, Sunday, September 28, Commandant and Mrs. Hanna farewelled, having retired from the work they both so dearly loved. They will ever live in our memory here, as faithful and loving comrades, who were always ready and willing to help push on the War. The Y.P. Sergt-Major testified to the great blessing they have been to the comrades and wished them Godspeed. The Corps Secretary, Sister Rimstead,

Brother Jarvie and Lieut. Walker also spoke of the blessing and help our comrades had been to them. Ensign Yetman in speaking said that Commandant and Mrs. Hanna had been as a mother and father to herself and the Lieutenant. "They have set the pace to work for God and souls," she continued, "and have worked in the Corps in a humble and willing way, and consequently have been a great blessing to us all."

The Commandant said that although they were leaving, he was glad of the privilege which he had had of being a Soldier of the Corps and working with such good comrades. Mrs. Commandant Hanna thanked all for their love and comradeship, and urged all to go on in their fight for God.

Candidate Freda Peterson also farewelled for the Training Garrison, and said in the course of her talk that she was going in the name of Jesus, and to work for Him.

On Tuesday a farewell tea was given to Commandant and Mrs. Hanna, and the Candidate. About forty sat down to a splendid spread. Mrs. Major Haskirk presided over the gathering.

—B. B. Varty.

St. James

Ensign and Mrs. F. Merrett. Our Harvest Festival services, both Senior and Y. P. were of much blessing. Special music was played and sung by the Band during the Senior Harvest Festival Sunday, and Ensign Merrett's exhortations during the day were very helpful and proved to be of much blessing. Testimonies, songs and music were all full of praise and thanksgiving to God for the plentiful harvest and for all His goodness. Many were under deep conviction and we believe much good was done.

The Band being away to the Prison Farm on our Junior Harvest Festival Sunday, the Young People took part in the Meetings. The Winnipeg I Songster Brigade paid us a visit at night which was very much appreciated by all. Record crowds were in attendance during the day and all enjoyed the Meetings.

The Y. P. Sale on the Monday was a success, the goods being bought up in a very short time. We extend hearty thanks to our Comrade, Bandmaster Dancy, the auctioneer, also to others who assisted and helped to make this event so successful.—F.H.

Promoted to Glory

SISTER MRS. PICOT, REGINA
Regina Citadel Corps has once more been brought, as it were, face to face with things eternal. On Sunday morning Sept. 14, Sister Mrs. Picot was summoned to higher service after only a few days' sickness. Mrs. Picot was an old Salvationist from Goderich, Ont., and no doubt will be remembered by many. She, with her husband and family, came to Regina some twelve years ago, and she has lived here ever since.

Although our Comrade was unable to attend many Meetings for quite a long time, she has for several years been a faithful Soldier and willing worker for our Corps. She delighted in the work, and contributed nobly from her meagre allowance.

Her life was a life of self-denial. A touching incident was the finding in her home of the coppers which she had saved for the Mite Box Fund (this being a special effort to raise some funds in a simple way for the benefit of the Y.P. and Senior Bands). Mrs. Picot will be greatly missed.

The funeral service was conducted in the Citadel by Ensign Acton, and was well attended. Sunday night Sept. 28, an impressive Memorial Service was held. The Citadel was well filled. Y.P.S.M. Mrs. Hoyle spoke of the life of our late Comrade, urging all present to be prepared to be our Sister. The Band's rendering of the selection "Eventide" was very appropriate and impressive as was also the Songsters in the splendid rendering of "The Death of a Christian." The Ensign spoke feelingly of the Home of which Christ said, "I go to prepare a place for you." All present were impressed with the fact of the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death. The Meeting closed with one dear man kneeling at the mercy-seat.—W.L.B.

SISTER GLADYS FEE WETASKIWIN

After a short illness Sister has seen fit to call from our midst Sister Gladys Fee. Our departed Comrade attended the Corps as a Junior for many years and for quite a time was the Corps Organist.

A very impressive service was conducted in our Hall by Commandant Weir of Edmonton. The Methodist and Presbyterian ministers were on the platform. As the casket was being

carried in, Miss Robinson played the "Dead March in Saul." Commandant Weir paid tribute to our departed Comrade in connection with her playing the violin at Young People's Councils in Edmonton.

Gladys was well known, and loved by all who knew her which was evident by the crowded Hall and numerous floral tributes.

Her last words were that she would meet her Father in Heaven. Brother and Sister Fee have the deepest sympathy of every Comrade in their time of sorrow.

Drumheller

Adjutant Stride and Lieut. Orega, October 4th and 5th Major and Mrs. Penfold paid us a surprise visit. The Meetings were well attended all day and there was also a record attendance at the Y. P. Company Meeting.

The Major's talks were helpful and Mrs. Penfold's solos much enjoyed. At night the subject taken by the Major was "What is your life?" There were no visible results, yet God was with us.—E.K.S.

Special Congress



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Other Officers in the ph